



THE LIBERTY "BOYS OF '76"

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, February 4, 1901, by Frank Tousey.

No. 68.

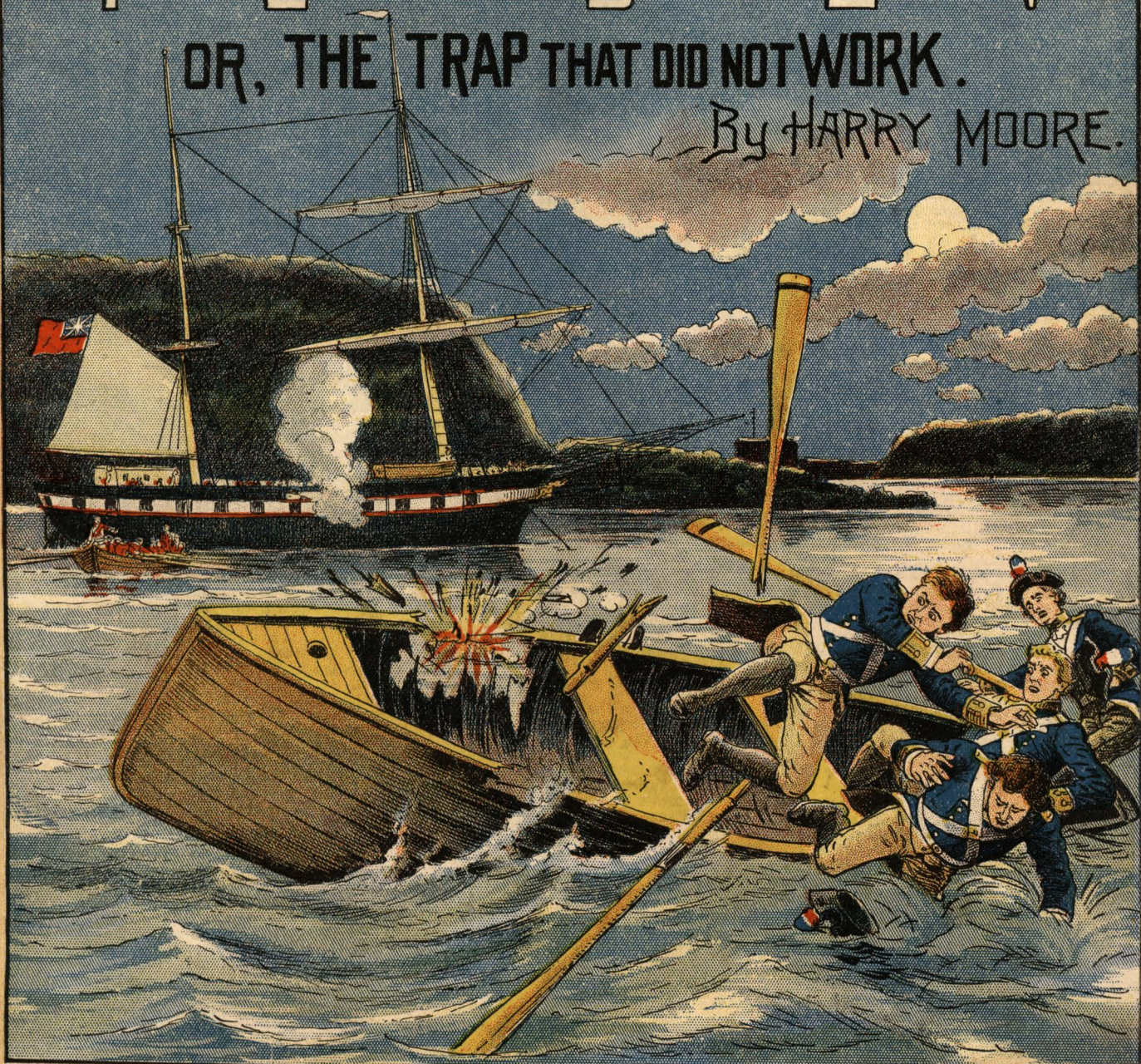
NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

THE LIBERTY BOYS' LOST!

OR, THE TRAP THAT DID NOT WORK.

By HARRY MOORE.



A solid shot from the British warship struck the boat, and tore the side out. The next instant the Liberty Boys were struggling in the waters of the bay.

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N. Y.

SPORTING.

No. 21. **HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.**—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. **HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.**—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. **HOW TO BREAK, RIDE, AND DRIVE A HORSE.**—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. **HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.**—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. **NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.**—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. **HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.**—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. **HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.**—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. **HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.**—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of the lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC.

No. 3. **HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.**—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. **HOW TO BOX.**—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. **HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.**—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. **HOW TO FENCE.**—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

No. 61. **HOW TO BECOME A BOWLER.**—A complete manual of bowling. Containing full instructions for playing all the standard American and German games; together with rules and systems of sporting in use by the principal bowling clubs in the United States. By Bartholomew Batterson.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 81. **HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. With illustrations.

No. 72. **HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. **HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. **HOW TO DO TRICKS.**—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. **HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.**—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. **HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.**—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. **HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.**—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. **HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.**—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. **HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.**—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. **HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.**—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. **HOW TO BECOME A CONJURER.**—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. **HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.**—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. **HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.**—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity; hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. **HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.**—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. **HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Kymphone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. **HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.**—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated, by John Allen.

No. 71. **HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.**—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. **HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS.**—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both young and old.

No. 12. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.**—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects, also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.**—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects, also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.**—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and every body you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.**—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject, also rules for punctuation and composition; together with specimen letters.

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76.

A Weekly Magazine Containing Stories of the American Revolution.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, February 4, 1901. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1902, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 68.

NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

CHAPTER I.

GEORGE AND LUCY.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the month of May, of the year 1777. A boy of perhaps eighteen years was walking along the road leading toward New Brunswick, in New Jersey, and the point at which the boy then was was distant about three miles from the town.

The youth was whistling cheerily, and although he was roughly dressed, he was a bright-faced, handsome fellow, with clear eye and determined chin. The road at this point led through the timber and bent and twisted like some huge serpent, so that it was an impossibility for a person to see very far in either direction. Suddenly, in turning around a bend in the road the youth came face to face with a girl of about sixteen years. She was dressed after the fashion of country girls of the region and period, but was an exceedingly pretty girl, her complexion being fresh and clear, her features regular, her lips red and tempting, her eyes blue and lustrous.

That the two were not strangers was quickly evidenced, for the youth cried out, "Lucy!" in a delighted tone, while the girl exclaimed, "George, is it you?"

"It isn't anybody else, Lucy!" the youth cried, and leaping forward he seized the girl in his arms and hugged and kissed her.

"This is good luck, indeed!" he murmured; "I didn't expect to get to see you, Lucy."

"Nor did I expect to see you, George, but—oh, dear! do release me for fear some one should come and see us!"

"Oh, nobody is coming, Lucy," was the reply; "I don't get a chance like this every day, you know."

"That is true, George."

"Now, if your father wasn't a—loyalist, and my folks weren't patriots, it would be all right; but, you see, that is the trouble. We are on opposite sides in this fight, and your father is rather zealous in his adherence to the cause of the king, and, as you know, he won't let me come to see you; so when I get a chance like this it is natural that

I should wish to improve it!" Then George kissed Lucy again.

The two were sweethearts. They lived neighbors and had grown up together. They had gone to school together, and George had worshipped the beautiful girl for years, and all had gone well till the war of the Revolution broke out, and then Mr. Livingston, Lucy's father, took the side of the king, while Mr. Gainsby, George's father, took the side of the American people, and Mr. Livingston had put a stop to George's coming to see his daughter—had, indeed, forbidden Lucy to even speak to the youth.

Lucy was a dutiful daughter and had obeyed her father as far as she thought it was right to do so. She made no effort to see George, but when they occasionally met, by accident, as they sometimes did, she made no particular effort to avoid him. She did not think she was called upon to do so.

And this was a chance meeting and was taken advantage of by both, without any feeling of compunction. They were quite willing to enjoy themselves for the brief time they could be together.

"Where are you going, George?" asked Lucy, when they had been together a few minutes.

"To New Brunswick, Lucy."

"To New Brunswick!"

"Yes."

"Goodness! aren't you afraid to go there?"

"No; why should I be?"

"Why, the town is in the possession of the British, you know. There are thousands of redcoats there, and if they were to take it into their heads to arrest you you would be made a prisoner and perhaps shot or hanged."

"But they don't know I am a Whig, Lucy, so I shall not be in any danger."

"I don't know about that. Supposing you were to meet some one there who knows you, and knows you are a Whig, and he would tell the redcoats? Then they would make a prisoner of you."

"Yes, but I don't think there is any danger of that."

"Maybe not; but such a thing might happen, and I

would not go to New Brunswick unless it was absolutely necessary."

"Well, father sent me, and I will go, danger or no danger."

The youth did not carry that firm chin and square jaw for nothing. It was plain that he was a determined youth and that once he set his mind on doing a thing he would do it or know the reason why.

"Oh, I wish this terrible war would end!" the girl sighed.

"It is terrible, sure enough," agreed George.

"Yes; the battles and fighting between the regular soldiers is bad, but to my mind the strife and animosity between old-time friends and neighbors is even worse. Just think, George, of how friendly and neighborly our folks used to be with each other, and see how they are now."

"Yes, we used to be the best of friends and neighbors," agreed George; "father and your father used to be good neighbors, and visited each other and talked and played chess, and were the best of good friends, and now they are really enemies."

"I know they are, George."

"Yes, father came home this morning very angry. He said he had met your father on the road and that they had quarreled and almost fought. He was very bitter."

"Father was telling about it at the dinner-table," said Lucy; "he, too, was very angry. He said your father had said that King George was a robber, and that men who lived in America and upheld the king were fools, and of course that would make father very angry."

"Naturally, since he lives in this country and upholds the king. It was a direct blow at him."

"Yes; I was sorry for father, of course, because he is my father and I love him, but at the same time I don't think as he does about this matter. I think the American people ought to be free and independent."

"Oh, you glorious, sweet little patriot!" said George, and he gave the girl two or three hugs and kisses. "You are right, I think, Lucy," the youth went on. "I do not believe that I think we ought to have our freedom just because my father believes so; I think for myself, and I have come to the conclusion that a man three thousand miles away, who has never seen us and knows and cares nothing about us, has no right to make us pay tribute to him and help support him in luxurious idleness."

"That is the way it looks to me, too, George."

"And I'm glad of it. I was sure you were a patriot, Lucy."

"Mother thinks about as I do, too, George."

"Sensible woman! Well, I'm glad of that."

"So am I. Mother likes you very much, George, and I am confident that if she had her way you could keep right on coming to the house as you used to do."

"Well, the time will come when I can do so, I think, Lucy. This war cannot last always."

"No; but, George, do you think the American people can win and secure their freedom?"

"They will do so or die fighting, Lucy!"

"Then I fear the war will not end very soon," with a sigh; "for father says that King George will never give up till he has brought the rebels into subjection, and that he has the men and the time to spend in doing it."

"And the money," added George; "money that he has wrung from the people of America in unjust taxation, and which now he is using to enable him to send men over here to butcher the people. He is an arrant scoundrel, Lucy!"

"I think so, George; and, oh, I wish that father thought so!"

"Perhaps he may make up his mind to that effect later on, Lucy."

The girl shook her head. "I'm afraid not," she said. "He thinks that the British are right; and he seems to think that whatever they do is right. Why, I have known him to say, when he has heard of the redcoats burning the home of a patriot: 'Good! serves the rebels right! They ought to be scotched!'"

George shook his head. "There doesn't seem to be much hope for a man who thinks and talks like that," he said.

"No, I don't think anything would change his views; and—and—there is one thing I think I had better tell you, George," in a hesitating manner.

"What is that, Lucy?"

"Why, father wants me to allow myself to be courted by a British officer!"

George started and gave Lucy a quick, searching look. "And you, Lucy?" he exclaimed. "Surely you do not wish to—to——"

The girl placed her hand over the youth's mouth and laughed. "You know I wouldn't listen to such a thing, George, you big goose!" she said. "But I thought I ought to tell you for fear you might hear this—this—officer was coming to our house, and think that perhaps I approved of it."

"That's a little sweetheart!" said George, and he kissed the girl again.

"The officer has been to our house twice," went on Lucy; "father likes him, and thinks he would be a splen-

did match for me, because he is a kin to the nobility of England, but I hate him! He is handsome enough, but has a wicked look; and, indeed, I fear him. I could never learn to care for him."

"Who is he? What is his name?"

"He is a captain. His name is Hemington."

"Humph! so Captain Hemington of his majesty's service thinks to capture my sweetheart, does he?" exclaimed George. "Well," giving her a squeeze, "we'll see about that; and if this captain ever gets in my way I'll see if I can't make him wish he had stayed back in England!"

"Oh, George! you mustn't try to fight him!" the girl exclaimed, looking alarmed. "He is a soldier, you know, and is armed with sword and pistols, and he would kill you!"

"Perhaps not, little sweetheart," smiled George; "see, I have pistols, too!" and he brushed the skirts of his coat back and displayed to the astonished gaze of the maiden two immense pistols.

"You see, I am not a helpless non-combatant, Lucy," the youth went on; "if I should meet this Captain Hemington I think I should be able to hold my own even though he has a sword more than I have."

"But I hope you will not engage in any fighting, George. Will you promise me that you won't?"

"I will promise not to seek trouble, Lucy. I won't pick any fuss with the redcoats, but if they pick a fuss with me I shall not tamely submit; and if it should happen to be this captain of your father's, then, indeed, I would fight, and fight to the last gasp!"

"I hope you won't ever meet Captain Hemington, George!" the girl said.

"I would like to see him once, just to see what he looks like."

"What does it matter? I don't care for him—indeed, I hate him! So you need not care what he looks like."

"Well, that is true, too. I don't care, Lucy. All I care for is that my little sweetheart shall stick to me and love me, and then I shall be happy."

"Well, you may be sure that she will do that, George!"

"I don't see why your father should wish you to marry a British officer, Lucy."

"I don't either; but he thinks the British are fine fellows, and he has had quite a number of the officers out from New Brunswick to dine with him."

"How often has the captain been there?"

"Three times. He came once with some others, and father seemed to take a fancy to him and invited him specially to come again, and the captain did come a few

days later. He tried to make an impression on me, but I didn't like him at all and kept away from him as much as possible, and got mother to talk to him;" and the girl laughed.

"And he came again!"

"Yes, once more; and I did the same thing over again—avoiding him all I could."

"Perhaps he will not come again, Lucy."

The girl shook her head. "I am afraid he will," she said; "father had a long talk with him, out at the gate, the last time he was there, and then told me afterward that he wished I would give the captain some encouragement when he came again, so I know he intends coming."

"But you won't give him any more encouragement?"

"No; and I told father so, too."

"That's a sweetheart worth having!" and George kissed the girl again.

"I wish father didn't think so much of the British, and then the officers wouldn't come to the house," said Lucy. "I fear that the captain may try to press his suit when he comes again."

"Send him to me and I will break his head, Lucy!" said George with a smile.

"I almost wish his horse would throw him as he is riding out and break his neck!" said Lucy.

Just at this moment a horseman came galloping around a bend in the road a few yards distant, and as Lucy's eyes fell upon him she cried out, in a frightened voice:

"Goodness! there is Captain Hemington now!"

A fierce look came into George Gainsby's eyes, and his teeth came together with a click. "Don't you be afraid, Lucy," he whispered; "be brave. I do not fear him, and you need have no fears on my account."

"Hello! what is going on here?" cried the captain, reining up his horse and glaring at George Gainsby fiercely. "Unhand that lady, you scoundrelly rebel!"

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE DEFIES THE BRITISH CAPTAIN.

George Gainsby returned the look of the British officer with interest, and then said, calmly: "Who are you?"

"Who am I?"

"Yes."

The officer straightened up in his saddle and put on a very important look as he replied: "I am Captain Arthur Hemington, of the king's service, sir!"

"Oh, you are?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, Captain Hemington, of the king's service, what right have you to order me to do this or that?"

"Oh, George, please let me go and don't anger him!" whispered Lucy, trembling with fear, for she held the British officers in great esteem as regarded their prowess. She thought that because they wore brilliant uniforms and looked, acted and talked important they must needs be extremely dangerous persons. Her lover, however, was a remarkably shrewd youth, and, although the saying had not yet been invented, knew that "The clothes did not make the man." At any rate, the brilliant uniform of the officer nor yet the fellow's important manner did not intimidate him or make much impression on him. He was ready to fight if the necessity arose.

The captain was angered by the words and air of the "country gawk," as he mentally termed the youth, and his face grew red and he glared at George fiercely.

"Do you dare bandy words with me, an officer in the king's service?" he cried.

"I most assuredly do dare bandy words with you, and it doesn't matter to me what you are an officer in," was the prompt retort; "you are not my master, and I don't intend to answer to you for my actions."

The captain glared for a few moments in dumb amazement. "Why, this is almost unbelievable!" he finally gasped; "to think that a country boor should talk to me in such a manner!" Then he drew his sword and flourished it in the air.

"Do you see that, you saucy rebel?" he cried.

"Yes, I see it, you impudent redcoat!" retorted George.

"Oh, George, do be careful!" whispered Lucy. "He will kill you!"

"I guess not, Lucy!" was the confident reply.

"Of course you see it—and you are going to feel it, too! Do you hear, rebel?"

"Yes, I hear, redcoat!"

"Don't you dare call me 'redcoat' again!"

"I didn't call you 'redcoat' again, I called you simply 'redcoat.'"

"You know what I mean."

"Oh, I suppose I do."

"Very good; release that maiden or I will cut your head from your shoulders!"

"Oh, George, let go of me and make your escape!" whispered Lucy. "He is a terrible man! See how wicked he looks."

"Oh, I don't think he is as dangerous as he looks, Lucy," said George in an undertone; "now I am going to release you, and the instant I do so I want you to leap to one side out of the way; do you understand?"

"Yes, but——"

"Do as I tell you, Lucy, now!"

George suddenly released the girl and she obeyed, leaping to one side, and then pausing and looking back, expecting to see the British captain in the act of cutting her lover's head off with the terrible sword. What she did see surprised her. There stood George, a pistol in each hand, and both extended full at the redcoat officer, who was shrinking back and glaring into the muzzles of the weapons with an unmistakable look of terror on his face.

"There, Mr. Redcoat, how do you like the looks of those?" asked George Gainsby, calmly, and with a grim smile on his handsome, determined face.

"Oh, how brave he is!" thought Lucy, admiringly; "and how handsome!"

"Don't shoot!" cried the captain, a quaver in his voice. "Don't you dare shoot! Remember, I am an officer in the service of the king!"

"What king?" asked George, with an assumption of ignorance.

"Why, King George, of course!"

"Who is he?"

The redcoat stared. "Is it possible that you are so ignorant as not to know who King George is?" he cried.

George shook his head. "Oh, no; I know who you mean, now," he said; "he is the tyrant who, without any semblance of right, has been robbing the people of America and making them help support him in luxurious idleness, over in England."

"What is that? Do you dare speak of the great and good King George in such a manner as that?" cried the captain, aghast. "Why, that is treason, with insult added! You are a rebel, and a most venomous one, too!"

"I am a patriot, an American who believes that the people of this country ought to be free and independent. I am not a rebel, for rebels are people who rebel against just authority. I do not acknowledge that your King George has any authority over us."

"You will have to acknowledge it before very long!" in a sneering tone.

"I don't think so."

"I know so."

"Bah! you mean that you just imagine that it will be so."

"Well—ah—let's say no more about the matter, my

"young friend," said the officer, changing his tone, for he had come back to a realization that a couple of ugly pistol muzzles were staring him in the face. "Kindly lower those—ah—weapons, will you not? They might—might go off."

"You put up your sword, captain!"

"Hum—hah! don't you think, young man, that you are going too far when you take it upon yourself to order an officer of the king to do this and that?"

"I didn't order you to 'do this and that,' but to put up your sword. Kindly oblige me by obeying the command at once!"

"You'll suffer for this insult!" fumed the captain, but he slowly and reluctantly returned the sword to its scabbard.

"I'll risk it," coolly.

"I'll make it my business to call you to account, young man, you may be sure of that!" and the captain gave a quick, sharp look at Lucy. Evidently he had not forgotten that she had been in the youth's arms when he rode up, and as he had taken a fancy to the beautiful girl he was jealous.

"Oh, you will make it your business to call me to an account, will you?" asked George.

"Yes, I shall!"

"Humph! then why not do it right now and here?"

The captain started and turned slightly pale. The truth of the matter was that he was at heart a coward. There was something about the young man facing him so calmly and fearlessly that impressed him with a feeling of fear in spite of himself, and he was afraid to attack him. His idea when he spoke of calling the youth to an account was that he would get a number of men and take the young man at such a disadvantage that he could do nothing. Now to be challenged so boldly was not in accordance with his desires to all.

"Y-you have all the advantage on your side," the captain stammered; "I have no de-desire to—to commit suicide."

"Don't let that worry you, captain," was the brisk reply; "I wouldn't take an unfair advantage of you for the world."

"W-what d-do you m-mean?"

"I mean that we will fight a regular duel with pistols. You dismount and go back twenty paces and then we will start toward each other at the word from Miss Lucy, here, and will be at liberty to fire as we please. How does that strike you?"

Evidently it did not strike the captain favorably at all, for he looked worried and turned pale.

"I refuse to enter into any such arrangement," he said; "I am not conversant with the use of the pistol, while you are probably a good shot."

"Oh, yes," briskly; "I am a dead-shot at twenty paces. I can hit a shilling three times out of four at that distance."

"That is what I thought. I would be a fool, indeed, to take you up on your proposition and fight you. It would be equivalent to suicide."

"Pretty nearly so," was the calm reply; "but that would suit me first-rate, you know."

"I have no doubt it would; but it wouldn't suit me."

"Then you refuse to settle the little difference between us, now?"

"I shall be obliged to do so. If we had two swords, now, it would be different, for I am a gentleman, and use the gentleman's weapon; and I would carve you into bits, but we have but one blade."

"Which is lucky for you, I think, captain."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because I am as good with the sword as with the pistols and I think I could teach you a few tricks that you have never even heard of."

"Bosh!" sneered the captain; "you would be no match for me."

"Don't be too sure of it, captain."

"Humph! I know what I can do with the sword."

"And I know what I can do with it."

"I am one of the best swordsmen in my regiment."

"I don't care for that. I think I would be a match for you, and I shall be glad to meet you at the first opportunity."

"And I shall be glad to meet you, too!" viciously.

"Very well; we will let the matter rest till the time comes, captain; and now, if you will be so kind, just ride on. Your room is preferable to your company."

A low but vicious curse escaped the lips of the British officer. He evidently did not like to be talked to in this fashion, and then, too, he did not like the idea of being forced to ride away and leave the girl in the company of the youth.

"What is your name?" he asked. He wished to learn who the youth was, for he looked upon him as a dangerous rival, and had made up his mind to put him out of the way at the earliest opportunity.

"Find out what my name is," said George; "I shall not tell you."

"Oh, well, I can easily find out. Miss Lucy's father will know, without a doubt."

"Very good; find out from him, if you like. I am not furnishing any information for emissaries of King George."

"That is all right. I will go, now, but I will meet you again, you rebel hound!"

"Very well, you redcoat dog!"

"What's that!" almost howled the captain. "Did you call me a dog?"

"Didn't you call me a hound?"

"That's different."

"What is different?"

"I mean that our stations in life are different; I am a British officer, while you are——"

"An American who is determined to be free and independent, and one who is as good as any British officer who ever lived!"

"You may think so," sneeringly.

"I am sure of it."

"Bah!"

"That will do, Captain Hemington; just go on your way and don't waste any more time here. Your room is desirable, your company is not."

"Very well; I will go—but I will make it my business to hunt you down and have a settlement with you!"

The captain was gathering up the reins to ride onward when around the bend galloped half a dozen horsemen. He glanced over his shoulder, saw that the newcomers wore the scarlet uniform of the British trooper, and gave a cry of delight.

"Now I will have a settlement with you, you rebel dog!" he almost shouted. "Now we will see whether or not the representative of the King of England is to be insulted with impunity!" Then lifting up his voice he called out: "This way, men! Come and help me capture this rebel! Hasten! and if he attempts to flee, shoot him dead!"

CHAPTER III.

THE "LIBERTY BOYS" APPEAR.

A terrified scream escaped the lips of Lucy Livingston. "Oh, George, you will be killed!" she gasped.

"I'm not sure of that," said George. "Come, Lucy!"

The youth was quick to grasp the situation, and as quick to act. He grasped Lucy by the arm and pulled her toward the timber at the edge of the road.

"Halt!" yelled Captain Hemington; "halt, I say! If you don't stop you are a dead man!"

But George paid no attention to the commands of the officer. In another moment he and Lucy were in among the trees. "Now run as fast as you can, Lucy," he said; "we can get away from them, I am confident."

"Leave me and save yourself, George!" gasped the girl. "They won't hurt me and I will be a hindrance to you."

"I won't leave you till I have seen you safely home, Lucy. It won't be out of my way to go past your house, and I can leave you there and then go on my way."

"Very well; then if you won't leave me, I will run as fast as ever I can!"

The girl was panting, but it was more from excitement than exhaustion. She was a healthy, robust country girl, used to outdoor exercise and fresh air, and under ordinary circumstances could have given George a pretty good race for any reasonable distance. As it was she was able to get over the ground rapidly, and the youth presently said: "don't think it is necessary for us to run so fast and so hard. Slacken your speed a bit."

They ran onward at a reduced rate of speed, and the youth kept a sharp lookout behind him. He could hear the redcoats yelling, but could not see them, and so long as they were not in sight he did not think them dangerous.

Five minutes later they came out of the timber at the rear of the barnyard of the Livingston place, and Lucy paused and said: "You go on, now, George, and leave me. The redcoats may catch you if you linger here!"

"All right, little sweetheart," said George; "a kiss, and I will away."

The girl gave him not one kiss but several, and then tearing herself from his arms she ran toward the house fearful lest she should detain her lover, and be the means of causing him to be captured by the redcoats.

"Good-by, George, dear!" she called. "Run, run for your life!"

"Good-by, Lucy!" he called out. "You need not fear the redcoats cannot catch me."

Then he darted away and was out of sight when the redcoats came, pantingly, up to the spot. Lucy, too, had disappeared within the house, so there was no one in sight.

"Do you suppose he went to the house with the girl?" asked one of the men.

Captain Hemington shook his head. "I hardly think so," he replied; "but I will go and see. You may as well come along."

The seven redcoats walked to the house and went around to the front. Just as they got there the door opened and a man of perhaps forty-five years stepped out. He gave a start when he saw the British officer and dragoons.

"Why, Captain Hemington! you here?" the man exclaimed. "When did you come?"

"I just got here, Mr. Livingston," the captain replied. "Where are your horses?"

"We left them up the road a ways, sir. We dismounted to give chase to an insolent rebel."

"Ah, indeed! To chase a rebel, you say? Then you did not catch him?"

"No; he got away."

"Do you know who he was?"

"No; but I think you do."

The gentleman, who was indeed Mr. Livingston, Lucy's father, started and looked surprised. "I don't believe I understand you, captain."

"I will explain: He was a young fellow and was with our daughter, so I thought you would in all likelihood know who he was."

Mr. Livingston started, and an angry look appeared on his face. "You say the rebel was with my daughter?" he cried.

"Yes, sir."

"Where were they?"

"About half a mile up the road."

"And my daughter was there—you saw and recognized her?"

"Indeed I did, sir. When I first appeared on the scene surprised them indulging in kisses—so I judge that he was a sweetheart of Miss Lucy's." The captain's eyes snapped with anger and jealousy as he said this.

"Then I know who the rebel was!" cried Mr. Livingston, angrily. "My daughter is infatuated with a young scoundrel by the name of Gainsby, who lives a mile or so down the road. He used to come here, but he was so rabid a rebel that I forbade him coming, and I forbade my daughter to see or speak to him. I had supposed that he was honoring my wishes, but this does not look like it."

"You are right about that," the captain agreed; "they have been meeting in secret, right along, doubtless."

"Jove! I wish you had captured the young scoundrel!"

"So do I!" the captain's tone showed his sincerity.

"Well, you can go to his home and arrest him," Mr. Livingston said.

"I don't think he will be there."

"You don't?"

"No. You say he lives a mile from here to the westward?"

"Yes."

"Well, we saw him half a mile west of here and he came

in this direction with your daughter, so he probably has gone somewhere else."

"Doubtless he simply accompanied my daughter home, and then went back to his own home."

"I doubt it; but, Mr. Livingston, you don't suppose he entered your house?"

The man shook his head. "No," he said, positively, "he would not dare do that."

"Perhaps your daughter knows where he went," suggested the captain.

"Just wait a moment and I will question her."

Mr. Livingston entered the house and found Lucy in the kitchen helping her mother with the work. "Lucy," said her father, sternly, "Captain Hemington is outside and he tells me a very strange story."

Mrs. Livingston gave her husband a startled look and then turned her eyes upon her daughter.

"Is that so, father?" remarked Lucy, the least bit of defiance in her tone and air. "What does the estimable captain tell you?"

"He tells me that he surprised you in the arms of that young scoundrel, Gainsby, down the road, a short time ago!"

Lucy leaped to her feet and faced her father, her eyes flashing. "George Gainsby is not a scoundrel, father!" she said firmly.

"Oh, he isn't?" sneeringly.

"No, he is not."

"I suppose that in your eyes he is a paragon, and the finest fellow in the world!" still in a sneering voice.

"George Gainsby is a gentleman, father; he is far superior to that tale-bearer of a British captain out there!" There was scorn in the girl's voice. She was the daughter of her father, and had much of his spirit. At another time, and under other circumstances he might have admired the girl for her brave stand, but now he was angry and he did not like to have the knowledge thrust upon him that his beloved daughter was going contrary to his wishes, and meeting the young man whom he had forbidden her to see or speak to.

"You do not deny that you met George Gainsby, Lucy?"

"No, I do not deny it."

"And after I told you not to do so!" There was sorrow and reproach as well as anger in Mr. Livingston's tone, now. He was the girl's father, and he thought he was right; and loving him as Lucy did, she felt sorry for him and hastened to say:

"I didn't meet him purposely, father. It was an accidental meeting."

"Say you so, Lucy?" her father cried, his face brightening a bit. "I am glad to hear that!"

"I have obeyed you, father, much as I wanted to see George; but I met him accidentally, and—well—we hadn't—hadn't seen each other for so—for so long that—that—really I couldn't refuse to—to let him—let him kiss me!"

"Well, don't let it happen again, Lucy!" sternly. "You know that you can never be the wife of that rebel, and the best thing you can do is to forget him as quickly as possible."

"But I can't forget him, father."

"Oh, yes, you can; and the best way to do it is by accepting the attentions of Captain Hemington. Lucy, he is a fine fellow, a splendid fellow, and handsome, too; and think—he is an officer in the king's army and is related to the peerage of England."

"I don't care for that, father; I hate Captain Hemington!"

"Oh, you just imagine it. You will get over that silly notion before long, and will learn to love him better than you now think you love George Gainsby."

"Never, father!"

Mr. Livingston was not shrewd in one respect. If he had been wise he would not have mentioned the name of George Gainsby in connection with that of Captain Hemington. By so doing Lucy was enabled to see them in her mind's eye and compare them, and the comparison was much to the discredit of Captain Hemington. To Lucy's mind he was in no way to be compared with her handsome, manly sweetheart. And in this judgment she was correct, for a finer fellow than George it would have been hard to find, and the captain was far from being a paragon.

"Now, Lucy, I want you to answer me a question," said her father.

"If I can do so, father, I will."

"Where did George Gainsby go?"

The girl flushed and looked uncomfortable. She knew that he had said he was going to New Brunswick, and to tell her father this would be to set the redcoats on the track of her sweetheart. She did not think she was called upon to do this; filial obedience had no right to demand it of her. A determined look came into her eyes.

"I can't tell you, father."

Her father looked at her shrewdly and severely. "You mean that you won't tell me, Lucy?" he said sternly.

"Have it that way if you wish, father," she said quietly.

"You know where he went!" Mr. Livingston said this as a statement of fact.

The girl nodded. "I do," she acknowledged.

"And you refuse to tell me—your father?"

"I must do so, father. You would go and tell Captain Hemington, and you cannot expect that I will set him on the track of George."

Mr. Livingston could not but acknowledge to himself that the girl's stand was right, and he turned without another word and left the room and the house.

"I can get no information out of my daughter," he said to the captain; "she knows where the rebel could be found. I am confident, but she would not tell me."

Captain Hemington's face grew dark with rage. "Never mind," he said; "the fellow's doom is only postponed, that is all. I will hunt him down and kill him—I swear it!"

"If he was dead I think Lucy would be reasonable," said Mr. Livingston. He was not a heartless man, but he was strongly partisan, and he hated all rebels with a bitter hatred, and he hated George Gainsby with a deeper hatred on account of the fact that Lucy was in love with him.

"I will see to it that the young scoundrel does not live much longer to be a thorn in your flesh, Mr. Livingston."

"Let's go down to his home; he may be there now," one of the men suggested.

"That is just what I was going to suggest," said Mr. Livingston.

"And that is just what we will do," said the captain. "Come, men. Good-day, Mr. Livingston."

"Good-day, captain."

The captain and his six comrades hastened away, and were soon lost to view around a bend in the road. They walked rapidly till they came to where their horses were, and untying the animals, mounted and rode onward toward the west. Five minutes later they came to a house standing by the roadside. It was a goodly sized house, and the number of out-buildings and the air about the place betokened thrift.

"I judge that this is where the rebel, Gainsby lives," said the captain.

"I judge so, captain," replied one of the men.

"Well, dismount, men; we will go in and see if the young scoundrel is at home."

They dismounted, and, tying their horses, made their way into the yard and to the piazza and up onto it. The captain stepped to the door and knocked.

There was no sound from within, and after waiting a few moments he knocked again.

Presently footsteps were heard and the door opened, revealing a good-looking woman of perhaps forty years. She looked a bit startled when she saw the officer and

troopers, but kept her composure, and, bowing slightly, said: "What do you wish, sir?"

"Are you Mrs. Gainsby?" Captain Hemington asked.

The woman hesitated and then said: "Yes, I am Mrs. Gainsby."

"You have a son?"

A startled look appeared in the woman's eyes, and she looked at the officer quickly and searchingly. "Yes, I have a son," she replied.

"So I was informed. Is he at home?"

"No, he is not at home."

The captain looked skeptical. "You are sure?" he asked.

The woman drew herself up and looked the captain straight in the eyes, while in her eyes glowed a scornful light. "Have I not told you he is not at home?" she asked, cuttingly.

"But these are war times, you know, madam," insinuated the captain, "and a little prevarication is excusable, under certain circumstances, so you will pardon me if I suggest that we would like to search the house."

The woman stepped back and waved her hand. "Search the house if you like," she said; "I could not prevent you, anyway; and I know you will have your labor for your pains. George is not here."

"We will see; men, enter and search the house from cellar to garret."

The men entered the house, the captain remaining on the piazza, the woman standing in the same spot where he had taken up her position after telling the captain to search the house.

"Will you tell me why you are looking for my son?" the woman asked, presently.

"I will just say, madam, that he is a rebel, and that he has this day bade defiance to the British and breathed forth treasonous utterances sufficient to hang him!"

The woman turned pale. "He must have had provocation," she said; "I don't think he would wilfully have done this."

"He did not have any provocation to speak of," the captain said; "I commanded him to do so and so, in my capacity as captain in the king's service, and he refused to obey and defied me and reviled the king. He also threatened to shoot me and had pistols leveled at me. But for my coolness he would no doubt have shot me."

"Goodness! I cannot understand it!" the woman said. "My son is a very quiet, peaceable boy, usually."

"Well, he seemed bent on war and mischief to-day."

"Where did you encounter him?"

"In the road, about a mile from here, I judge."

"Was he alone when you saw him?"

"No."

"Who was with him?"

"A girl."

A peculiar look appeared in the eyes of Mrs. Gainsby. "I suppose you don't know who the girl was?" she asked.

"Yes, I know."

"Who was she?"

"Miss Lucy Livingston."

"Ah, I suspected as much!" murmured the woman.

"What did you say, madam?"

"Nothing in particular. But what did you say to my son that angered him?"

"I told him to unhand the maiden." The captain swelled his chest out as he said this.

"And he refused to obey your command?"

"He did, madam."

"Well, do you blame him?"

"I most certainly do! Why, madam, I am an officer in the king's service—what right had a country boor to refuse to obey me?"

A flash came into the eyes of the woman and she drew herself up. "You must remember, sir, that you are not in England, among the peasants, but in America, among a people who are firm in their conviction that they should be free and independent, and who are determined to be so!" The woman spoke proudly.

"Ha! I see where that young scoundrel gets his rebel sentiments from!" sneered Captain Hemington.

"The people are not rebels, sir," the woman said; "we are not rebelling against just authority, but are demanding that we be given what is our right—freedom and independence."

"Of course, that is the way you people would look at it; but we look at it in a different light. The people of America are the subjects of King George, and should pay tribute to their king and assist in paying the expenses of maintaining the government."

"We claim the right to govern ourselves, and will pay for that, but refuse to pay to keep King George and a lot of other lazy rascals living in luxury."

"See here, woman," sputtered the captain; "you are as bad as that son of yours, and had better put a bridle on that tongue of yours or it may get you into trouble."

"You look like a man who would rather war on women than men, I must say!" was the cutting reply.

The captain grew red in the face. "You are insulting, madam!" he almost hissed; "and if you are not more respectful in your talk you will have cause to regret it!"

"What will you do?"

"We may take it into our heads to burn your house down over your head!"

"If you do that, my son will hunt you down and kill you with as little compunction as if you were a dog!" was the reply.

This startled the captain a bit, but he put on an air of bravado and said: "Bah! we will have your son a prisoner within the hour, and he will not be in a condition to do me or anyone else any harm."

"You won't find my son here."

"We'll wait and see."

The men emerged from the house a few minutes later and stated that they had searched it from bottom to top, and had found no signs of the youth they were looking for. The captain was disappointed, and his face showed it. He glared at the men in baffled rage and then turned his glance on Mrs. Gainsby.

"I believe the young scoundrel is somewhere in the house!" he almost hissed.

"But your men have looked everywhere and report that he is not there," said the woman.

"No matter; I am confident he is concealed somewhere in the house, and I am going to make it so hot that he will have to come out and show himself!"

The woman turned pale. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going to burn this house down!" was the fierce reply.

"Don't do that!" the woman cried. "Surely you would not be so cruel as to destroy my home?"

"It is a regular rebel nest, and ought to be burned!" hissed the captain. "Jack," to one of the men, "set fire to the building!"

The men were members of the captain's company, and even if they had disapproved of burning the house, they would not have dared say so. They did not seem to think anything of the matter, however, but took it as a matter of course, and the man addressed as Jack proceeded to put his captain's command into effect.

"If you set fire to my house you are not men, but fiends!" the woman said.

"Bah!" sneered the captain; "you know nothing of the rules of war."

"Nor do I wish to if there is anything advocating the burning of homes in the rules of war," was the reply.

"Women don't understand such things," said the captain, loftily. "The art of war is something that only men

can understand. It takes intellect to understand and appreciate such things, madam."

"Then you don't understand them!" was the cutting reply.

The captain flushed with anger and a low curse escaped his lips, while covert smiles appeared on the faces of the men. Some of them were the superior, mentally, of the captain, and could appreciate the hit which the woman had given him.

Just then there came the clatter of horses' hoofs and the redcoats looked around to see who was coming. They saw a party of horsemen approaching at a gallop. It was quite a large party, there being at least one hundred in it, and although they did not wear uniforms there was something about the party that made the redcoats think the newcomers were enemies.

"Quick!" cried the captain, "to horse, men, and flee for your lives! That is a band of rebels!"

The captain set the men a good example by running to the fence and jumping over it at a bound, and leaping upon his horse and dashing away at full speed. They did not get away any too quickly, either, for the party of newcomers was only a hundred yards distant.

The newcomers dashed up to the fence in front of the house and came to a stop. The one who seemed to be the leader doffed his hat, and, bowing to the woman standing on the piazza, said:

"Good afternoon, lady. What has been going on here? Have those redcoats done any damage? If so, we will chase them clear into New Brunswick, but what we will make them pay for it!"

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Mrs. Gainsby hastened to the gate and then said: "Sir, they had not yet done any damage, but they were going to. They were in the act of setting the house on fire when you put in an appearance."

"Were about to set fire to the house?" the leader claimed. "Jove! let's go after them, boys, and teach them a lesson in manners!"

"Wait, don't go yet. I think you may be able to do a much greater kindness by remaining a few minutes. I have a favor to ask at your hands, if you are patriots—I think you are."

"Yes, indeed we are!" was the reply. "This is the company of youths known as 'The Liberty Boys of '76,' lady."

"Oh, I am so glad!" the woman exclaimed, her face lighting up. "Then I know that you not only will, but that you can aid me."

"Anything that we can do to aid a patriot will be gladly done, lady," was the reply.

"I was sure of that. Let me see, are you the young man who has made such a wonderful reputation as a scout and spy—are you Richard Slater?"

"I am Dick Slater, lady, and am the captain of this company; and now if you will tell us what it is that you want us to do we will try to do it."

"Very well; I will do so. To begin with, those redcoats who were just here were looking for my son, George. The leader of the redcoats said that my boy had uttered treasonous words against the king and had bade defiance to him and all his representatives, and they wished to capture him. They searched the house, and because they failed to find my son they were going to burn the house."

"Just like them!" said Dick Slater. "But where is your son?"

"That is just the point. I think he has gone to New Brunswick, and if those redcoats get back there and see him he will be made a prisoner and will probably be shot or hung. I would ask, then, if you can do anything to save my boy?"

The youths were silent, and the leader, Dick Slater, seemed to be thinking deeply. "I hardly know whether we can help you in this matter or not," he said presently; "if we could overtake those redcoats before they reach New Brunswick and make prisoners of them so that they could not get there and see your son, he might succeed in getting away from the town without being troubled—for, as I understand it, he had not until to-day gotten himself in disrepute with the British."

"You are right; he had never clashed with them before, so far as I know."

"Then the thing to do is to overtake that party of redcoats, if possible to do so," said Dick. "Come, men, we will do our best, though they have quite a good lead now."

Then lifting their hats the youths dashed away up the road at a gallop.

George Gainsby, after leaving Lucy, made his way onward through the timber. He had no thought of abandoning his trip to New Brunswick. He was a brave youth, and the thought that it might be dangerous to venture into the town where the British had ten thousand

troops, never entered his mind. He had been in New Brunswick a dozen times during the winter and spring, while the redcoats had been there and had never been molested, and did not think that there could be danger in going again. But he did not take into consideration the fact that he had just had a passage at arms with a British captain and some of his men.

So George hastened onward, and three-quarters of an hour later was in New Brunswick. He went to several stores and made some purchases, and was just on the point of emerging from a hardware store, where he had bought some powder and bullets, when he saw Captain Hemington and his six troopers riding along the street. George stepped back to avoid being seen, but was too late; the sharp eyes of the captain had detected him, and with a yell the captain leaped off his horse, calling out to his men, at the same time: "Quick, men! Yonder is that impudent rebel! Come on and we will capture him!"

The six troopers leaped to the ground and the seven men rushed toward the store door where the captain had seen George. The youth realized that he was in danger, however, and whirling, he ran to the rear of the store, nearly upsetting the proprietor as he did so, that worthy trying to stop him.

"Here! what is the matter? Have you stolen something?" the proprietor howled; and at this moment the British captain and the troopers burst into the store.

"Where is he?" roared Captain Hemington. "Where is the scoundrel?"

"Where is who?" cried the proprietor, hastening to get behind his counter; he thought that they were after him, at first, and was greatly frightened.

"That young scoundrel who was at the door, there, just now. He is a rebel, and we want him!"

"Oh, him—he went out at the back door!" the proprietor hastened to explain, glad to know that he was not in danger.

"Hurry after him, men!" cried the captain. "We must not let him escape us!"

"I don't think there is any danger of his getting away, captain," replied one of the men as they ran toward the back door; "he can't get out of New Brunswick."

"Well, we mustn't give him any chance at all to get away," the captain declared.

Meanwhile George was getting away from the vicinity of the store as rapidly as possible. He realized that he was in great danger, for if a hue and cry was raised he would have a hard time dodging all the redcoats. The town was occupied by ten thousand troops, and redcoats

were everywhere. Still, he would do the best he could, and he bethought him that a good way to throw the pursuers off the scent would be by darting into another store, and out by way of the front door.

This plan he at once proceeded to put into execution. The store adjoining the one he had just left was a grocery, and George opened the back door and entered quickly—so quickly, in fact, that he was out of sight when the captain and his men emerged from the hardware store. He closed the door and hastened toward the front, the proprietor staring at him in open-mouthed amazement.

"W-why, w-who are y-you?" the man asked. "W-why did you c-come in at t-the b-back door?"

"It was easier for me than to go around the block," replied George; "you will pardon me for taking the liberty, I am sure."

"Why, yes, I suppose I will—yes, of course I will," the storekeeper stammered. He hardly knew what to think.

Meanwhile George had lost no time, but had traversed the full length of the building, and was at the front door. A glance out showed him that while there was a crowd of redcoats and citizens in front of the hardware store there was nobody in front of the grocery, nor was the attention of anyone attracted in that direction.

"I guess it will be safe to venture out," thought the youth; and he stepped out of doors and mingling with the crowd for a few moments made his way across the street, and turning the corner walked down the cross-street just as Captain Hemington and his men emerged from the grocery store front door, with yells of rage.

"Where is he?" yelled the captain. "He came out of this store only a few moments ago. Who saw him? Which way did he go?"

This caused renewed excitement. The attention of the crowd had been attracted toward the hardware store and no one had noticed the youth when he emerged from the grocery. They knew he must be near at hand, however, and immediately half a dozen parties started in search of the fugitive.

George knew that he was in great danger, and was making the best time of which he was capable. He ran toward the edge of the town. He met many people, some of whom were redcoats, some citizens, and quite a number yelled questions at him as he ran past, but the youth did not pay any attention to them, continuing on his way as rapidly as possible.

Some of the more suspicious of the persons whom he met turned and started in pursuit, and one or two threat-

ened to shoot if he did not stop and give an account of himself.

"He must be a thief!" cried one.

This idea took hold upon all who heard the utterance, and immediately the cry of "Stop, thief! Stop, thief!" went up.

George kept right on running, and even when threatened with bullets if he did not stop, paid no attention. He did not think they would fire, but the men who had threatened to shoot were redcoats, and they did not have much regard for human life, anyway, and presently crack! crack! went a couple of shots and two bullets whistled past the youth closer than was at all comfortable.

"Phew! they mean it, after all!" the youth thought. "Well, it is death, anyway, if I am captured, for the captain has it in for me on Lucy's account, and I might as well die trying to escape, as to give up and be hung."

So the youth kept right on running. Suddenly on turning the next corner, after having been fired upon, George ran plump into a party of four redcoats. They tried to stop him, but the youth's blood was up and he knocked them right and left and bounded onward with the speed of a startled hare.

"Stop!" roared the only one of the three redcoats who had not been knocked down; "stop, or I'll fire!" He drew his pistol as he spoke, and seeing that the fugitive did not pay any attention to the command he leveled the weapon and fired. His bullet did no damage, however, and George continued on his way at undiminished speed.

The youth was doing splendidly, everything considered, but he would still have to get through the picket-line, and this would be dangerous work. The pickets were armed with muskets, and would be able to take aim at him as he advanced, and would likely be able to bring him down.

The youth did not falter or slacken his speed, however, he knew that it would be death, anyway, if he was captured, so he made up his mind to run just as long as he could stay on his feet.

He kept onward, and had come in sight of the picket who stood guard at the end of the street he was on, when he happened to look beyond them and saw a body of horsemen sweep out from among the trees which reached almost to the edge of the town on this side, and come toward the pickets with the speed of the wind.

"I wonder if they are my friends?" thought George. "They are not redcoats, anyway, for they have no uniforms. I hope they are friends, for if they are not I guess it is all up with me, for the pickets see me and are getting ready to fire upon me!"

Just then the pickets looked around. They had probably heard the hoofbeats of the horses ridden by the newcomers. The next instant they made a break for a house standing at the end of the street and disappeared within the building, with wonderful quickness.

Forward came the party of horsemen until they met George, and then they paused and one said to the youth: "Leap up behind me, quick! We must get away from here in a hurry or the whole British army will be after us!"

There were at least a hundred of the newcomers, and they kept up a constant firing upon the building into which the pickets had disappeared; they did this in order to keep the pickets from firing upon them, and the instant George was seated behind their comrade they whirled their horses and dashed away, cheering at the top of their voices and calling out: "Down with the king! Long live Liberty!"

They were "The Liberty Boys of '76," and they had rescued George Gainsby as they had promised his mother they would do if they possibly could.

CHAPTER V.

THE "LIBERTY BOYS" STRIKE.

The escape of George Gainsby and his being assisted by the party of horsemen, created great excitement in New Brunswick. The redcoats were wild with rage. Especially was Captain Hemington angry and disgusted. He had thought that he had his rival in his hands, and the young man had slipped through his fingers and made his escape.

"Who can the scoundrels be that carried the rebel away?" asked one.

"Didn't you hear the yell they gave utterance to as they went?" replied another.

"Yes; but what of that?"

"Why, it tells who the fellows were."

"How do you make that out?"

"Easy enough; that was a battle-cry, and I know whose battle-cry it was, too."

"Whose?"

"The Liberty Boys of '76'!"

"What! You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do. I've heard that cry before. I heard it at Long Island, White Plains and several other places. It is the battle-cry of 'The Liberty Boys of '76.'"

"That was just about like them—to ride right into the

edge of New Brunswick!" said another. "I guess you are right about it being them."

"Oh, I know it was them."

"Well, let's get up a party and go in pursuit of them!" cried Captain Hemington. "Jove! this is disgusting—to have a gang like that come right in here and carry away a rebel from under our very noses!"

This met with the approval of all, and a large party was made up as quickly as possible. There were two hundred troopers in the party, and they rode in the direction taken by the "Liberty Boys," with all possible speed.

Dick Slater and his company had made good time, however. They suspected that they would be pursued, and they rode at the best speed of their horses. As the animals were the best that could be procured, they made good headway and were a mile away before the redcoats got started in pursuit. They kept onward till the home of George Gainsby was reached and here they paused.

Mrs. Gainsby was delighted when she saw George, and seized her son in her arms and gave him a hug and a kiss. "Oh, George," she cried, "I was so afraid that the redcoats would capture you!"

"They would have done so, too, I guess, mother, had it not been for the 'Liberty Boys,'" the youth replied. "I was doing my best, but I don't think I would have been able to make my escape; but they rode right into the edge of New Brunswick and carried me away from under the noses of my pursuers. Oh, it was splendid!"

"I thank you, Dick Slater, and all your brave boys!" said Mrs. Gainsby, earnestly. "You have, without doubt, saved my boy's life, and I shall never forget it."

"That is all right, Mrs. Gainsby," said Dick, "we are always glad to assist patriots and are equally as glad to be able to deal the redcoats a blow. We have caused them to be disappointed in that we cheated them out of their expected prey, and now I think that we shall be able to deal them a blow, as they will no doubt pursue us, and we can ambush them and give them a taste of war that will not be to their liking."

"Oh, let me go with you if you are going to do that!" cried George eagerly. "I owe them something and would like a chance to pay the debt."

"You are welcome to come with us," said Dick; then to his men he said: "Dismount, boys, and lead your horses into the timber back of the barn lot, yonder, and tie them. Then we will go back up the road a ways and get ready to give the redcoats a warm reception."

The youths hastened to obey, and were soon back, one

of their number having taken Dick's horse, leaving the youth to converse with Mrs. Gainsby.

"Do you think you will be able to check the redcoats?" asked the woman anxiously. "Doubtless there will be a large force of them."

"I think we will be able to do so, madam," was the reply; "we will take them by surprise, and that counts for a great deal in an affair of that kind. We can easily get the better of more than double our own number."

The woman looked at her home and shivered a bit. "I'm afraid that they will not rest till they have burned down our house," she said. "They know that we are patriots, now, and will be eager to make things unpleasant for us."

"Perhaps they may not bother you again," said Dick; "if they do, however, you will have to make the best of it. War is cruel, and there is a great deal that is unpleasant that one must put up with."

"Yes, I suppose so; but it is hard to think that we may be burned out of house and home at any moment."

"True; but I would not borrow trouble. They may not go to that extreme, even though knowing you are patriots."

The "Liberty Boys" were soon back, and then all hastened up the road. They went a couple of hundred yards, and then hid themselves in the edge of the timber and waited for the appearance of the enemy. From the point where they were concealed it was possible to see a distance of half a mile up the road, and presently the youths saw a body of horsemen come around the bend.

They watched eagerly and saw that it was a large party.

"Jove! there must be two hundred of them!" said Bob Estabrook.

"I should judge there are at least that many," was Dick Slater's cool reply. "Well, we can make it exceedingly interesting for even that number."

"You are right, we can!"

"Get ready, boys," said Dick; "remember, and take good aim, and when I give the word, fire. The first volley must be a destructive one in order to discourage them."

"We'll do the work, all right, Dick," replied Mark Morrison.

On came the redcoats, riding at a gallop. They came on as if utterly unsuspecting that they might be running into a trap, and indeed they were. They had no idea that the "Liberty Boys" would make an attack upon them, for they felt secure in their numbers.

But they were destined to be undeceived. When they were within range Dick gave the youths the signal to get

ready. They leveled their muskets and got ready to take aim.

Dick waited till the advance guard of the British was past, and then he gave the signal for the youths to take aim. They obeyed the signal, and then, after a few seconds, came the sharp signal:

"Fire!"

Crash—roar!

It was a terrible volley, and the results were great, for at least thirty of the redcoats were dropped from their saddles, either dead or wounded.

A terrible scene of confusion ensued. The redcoats who had not been injured by the bullets of the "Liberty Boys" shouted and cursed, and the commander of the party yelled for the men to fire, which they did; but as the youths were protected by the trees, not much damage was done.

Then on the air rose the command from Dick Slater "Give them another volley, 'Liberty Boys'!"

Again a volley rang out and a number of the redcoats went down. This increased the confusion greatly, and the horses reared and plunged, and taken all in all was an extremely exciting scene.

The British fired another volley, but, as before, it did little damage, the youths being sheltered.

"Another volley, 'Liberty Boys'!" cried Dick, and the volley was given. This was too much for the British troopers, and they suddenly whirled and dashed away back up the road in the direction from which they had just come.

They did not go far, however—not more than a quarter of a mile; then they stopped and the officer in command and Captain Hemington, who was along as second in command, began harranguing the men and urging them to return and give the audacious "Liberty Boys" a thrashing.

"I tell you it is suicide to ride back there," one of the men objected; "if we are to fight them let us be on partial equality with them. They are on foot and sheltered behind the trees."

"Dismount, then, and we will enter the timber on foot and advance against the scoundrels!" cried the officer.

The men hastened to obey, for they had no desire to ride back down the road and be fired upon. Dick Slater was watching them, while his men reloaded their muskets and pistols, and the instant the troopers entered the timber he gave the command for his men to cross the road and enter the timber on the opposite side. This they did, and then they hastened up the road, keeping just out

sight in the timber, till they came to the horses, and then a daring scheme came to Dick's mind.

"Let's mount as many horses as there are men in our party, boys," he said, "and dash away up the road in the direction of New Brunswick. There is a cross-road half a mile away and we can turn up it, make a half circuit and come back to the home of George, here, approaching from the rear. Isn't that a fact, George?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"I thought so; well, we can do that, and if the redcoats go on down to George's house we will get there in time to drive them away before they do any damage."

The youths were right in for this, for they thought it would be a good joke to make the troopers walk back to New Brunswick, so they quickly selected the horses, mounted, and then with wild yells and cheers they rode away up the road.

The redcoats heard the youths yelling, and came running out into the road; and when they saw their enemies riding away on their horses their anger knew no bounds.

They yelled and shook their fists, but this did no good; the "Liberty Boys" kept right on going.

"Well, that beats anything I ever heard of!" cried Major Horn, glaring after the disappearing horsemen.

"Oh, they are about as impudent and daring as it is possible for people to be!" one of the men said.

"Well, what we are to do now is more than I can say," the major remarked, disconsolately.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said Captain Hemington, an angry, revengeful look on his face.

"What?"

"Let's go on down the road to the next house. Some of the worst rebels in this part of the country live there, and we can get even with the 'Liberty Boys' by burning this house."

"I'm mad enough to do anything," growled the major; "I'm in for doing as the captain suggests."

The men signified that they favored the plan, and so the entire party turned and walked down the road in the direction of the home of George Gainsby.

It was not far, and they were soon there, though fifteen or twenty paused where the encounter with the "Liberty Boys" had taken place, and attended to the wants of their wounded comrades. The entire force entered the yard and advanced to the house. The major stepped up onto the piazza and knocked on the door. It was opened by Mrs. Gainsby, who started and turned pale when she saw that it was a large party of redcoats.

"I wonder where George and the 'Liberty Boys' are?"

she asked herself. "Goodness! I am afraid these men will burn the house!" Then aloud she said: "What do you wish, sir?"

"Madam," the major said sternly, "we have just been fired upon and a number of my men have been killed by a band of rebels, who, in addition, stole our horses and made off with them; and as I have been informed that you people here are rebels, I am going to teach those scoundrels a lesson by burning your house and the houses of other rebels in this neighborhood! I'll teach those 'Liberty Boys' that they can't have everything their own way!"

"Surely you won't burn my house down?" the woman exclaimed. "I had nothing to do with the action of the 'Liberty Boys.'"

"I can't help that; you are in sympathy with them. And now, if you have any little articles that you wish to save, gather them up quickly. We have no time to waste."

"How long will you give me?" the woman asked in trembling tones.

"Ten minutes."

"Very well; I will gather up what things I can in that time," and the woman hastened away.

She went upstairs, and going to a back window looked out. "Surely George and the others would not go off and leave me here to face this danger alone!" she murmured. "They will come—surely they will come!"

Suddenly she started. "Ah, there they come now!" she said to herself. "They have gone around and are approaching by way of the lane through the field. They will be here in a few minutes and the house will be saved after all!"

Mrs. Gainsby did not go ahead gathering up any articles, after all, but remained at the window and kept her eyes on the party of horsemen approaching. She saw the youths alight and proceed to tie the horses, and at this moment the voice of Major Horn came to her ears.

"Hurry up, madam," it said; "the time is almost up!"

"Give me just a few minutes longer," she called down; "I can finish in two or three minutes."

"All right; but hurry all you can."

Mrs. Gainsby, watching out of the window, saw the "Liberty Boys" come running toward the house, and knew that her house would be saved. "Oh, I hope that none of those brave youths will be killed!" she murmured. Then she waited in breathless silence and suspense for the beginning of the combat.

The house was a long, rambling building, and it so obstructed the view of the redcoats that they had not caught sight of the "Liberty Boys" as they were approaching, and

the first intimation they had that an enemy was at hand was when the youths burst around the ends of the house and poured a deadly volley into their midst.

"Fire, 'Liberty Boys'! Give it to the scoundrels!" cried Dick, and the youths obeyed, discharging their pistols right in the faces of the redcoats.

"Now, charge them!" was Dick's order, and the youths hurled themselves right into the very midst of the redcoats, bayonetting, and striking about with the butts of the muskets. On the air rose the wild battle-cry of the "Liberty Boys"—"Down with the king! Long live Liberty!"

It was certainly more than the redcoats had been bargaining for. They fired a scattering volley and made a few attempts to defend themselves, and finding that they could not withstand the terrible attack they turned and fled for their lives. They ran as they had never run before, and it happened that Captain Hemington, who had been farthest from the attacking party, fell as he started to flee, and the others trampled on him making it impossible for him to get up until after all had passed him. Then, as he scrambled to his feet, he found himself confronted by George Gainsby.

"Hold!" cried George. "Stop and let us fight it out, now and here! See, I have a sword and we will settle our difficulty once and for all. I will use the 'gentleman's weapon,' as you call it, and will take no unfair advantage of you."

But Captain Hemington had no intention of engaging in a duel with the young patriot, and with a wild yell of fear he leaped to one side and ran with the speed of a startled deer. Had it not been that all the firearms were empty some of the youths would have easily brought the fugitive down, but as they had no loaded weapons he succeeded in making his escape. There never was a worse-frightened man, however; and when he rejoined his comrades his face was the color of ashes.

Major Horn was slightly wounded, and very much disgusted and discouraged. "This is terrible!" he said. "Who would have thought that we would have been thrashed so soundly by a gang of youths? I feel like going off somewhere and blowing the top of my head off!"

"It is a terrible affair, sure enough!" agreed Captain Hemington. "What shall we do?"

"I hardly know; it would be folly for us to attack those fellows now."

"Yes, for they have all the advantage on their side."

"So they have; but, Jove! I hate to return to New Brunswick afoot and report the loss of our horses and

the defeat we have experienced at the hands of the rebels!"

"It is an unpleasant thing to have to do, but it is not so bad as it might be if we were to try to strike the rebels a blow, and have them strike us instead, as they have already done."

"That is true, too. Well, I guess there is no help for it. We must make some kind of an arrangement with those fellows, though, so that we may be allowed to bury our dead comrades and attend to the wounded."

"Do you think they will do it?"

"I think so; I have always heard that the 'Liberty Boys' were fair and honest in their dealings."

The captain shook his head a bit dismally. "I don't think I should like to take any risks," he said; "I don't believe there is a rebel living who can safely be trusted."

"Oh, I think there are many," said the major, who was a much better man than the captain; "I will take the word of Dick Slater and go back, unhesitatingly, if he gives his promise that we shall not be molested."

"Well, you are the one to say. Are you going to send a man under a flag of truce?"

"I shall go myself."

"Better send a man; they are liable to shoot you."

"I'm not afraid that they will fire on a flag of truce," said the major a bit impatiently. Then he drew a white handkerchief from his pocket and went back down the road. When he got near the point where the "Liberty Boys" stood in the yard in front of Mrs. Gainsby's house, he waved the handkerchief and Dick Slater stepped forward and met him, both saluting.

"This is Dick Slater, captain of the 'Liberty Boys,' I take it?" remarked the major.

Dick bowed. "I am Dick Slater," he replied. "What can I do for you?"

"I have come to ask that you permit me to bury my dead comrades and remove the wounded. Will you do so?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Thank you; then I will have my men come here and get to work at once."

The major signaled to his men and they approached. They eyed the "Liberty Boys" askance, but the latter made no move toward attacking, and the redcoats soon discarded their suspicions and worked without fear. They buried their dead and then, on their promising to send it back, Dick let them have a team and wagon of Mrs. Gainsby's. The wounded men were placed on straw laid in the bottom of the wagon-box, and then the redcoats took their departure. Before they went Dick took Major Horn to one side and said: "Major, the house you were about

to burn a while ago is owned by a woman, and I hope you will not make an attempt to get revenge on her by burning her house later on. She had nothing to do with this affair, and I don't think it would be right for her to be ill-treated, do you?"

The major shook his head. "No, I do not," he admitted; "I can say that in so far as I am concerned there will not be any attempt made to inflict damage upon her. I am a soldier and a gentleman, and I shall try to obtain satisfaction out of you and your 'Liberty Boys,' Captain Slater."

This was said openly and frankly, and Dick grasped the major's hand and shook it cordially. "Spoken like a man and a soldier!" he said, approvingly. "Myself and 'Liberty Boys' are wholly responsible for this affair of to-day, and it is right that you should look to us when you go out to obtain redress."

"And that is just what I shall do if I am sent out; and I shall advocate it if I am not sent."

"Good! Do so, major. We are soldiers and are always ready to give satisfaction to the enemy if we can do so on anything like equal terms. Good-day, sir."

"Good-day, Captain Slater."

Then the redcoats took their departure and Dick and his "Liberty Boys" were left free to go their way.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE LIBERTY BOYS LOST."

At the time of which we write the patriot army was quartered at Morristown Heights, in New Jersey, which was distant about twenty miles from New Brunswick, where the main British force was stationed.

After having sent the redcoats away Dick and his "Liberty Boys" bade their newly made friends good-by and started on their return to Morristown, where they should have been by supper-time that evening. It was now getting well along toward sundown, and they would have to provide most of the way in darkness. They did not mind this, however, and set out at a gallop.

Two hours and a half later they reached Morristown and Dick went to headquarters and reported the reason for their being late in getting back.

"That is all right, Dick," said General Washington, with a smile; "when you boys are late I know it is for a good reason."

"Thank you, your excellency," said Dick.

He was about to take his departure when the great man waved his hand. "Wait a moment, Dick," he said; "I wish to have a talk with you. I have something in view, and I thought that you might be able to help me in the matter."

"I will do so, if I can, sir."

"I am sure of that."

General Washington paced the floor for a few minutes in silence and then pausing said: "Dick, we have been cooped up here a long while, and I am anxious to move—to go somewhere and do something. The idleness of camp-life is telling on the men and I think it wise for me to give them something to do, even if it is no more than to make some marches, even though nothing results. I have thought of something which gives promise of results, however, and I'll tell you what it is."

He paused and studied a few moments, Dick waiting patiently for the great man to proceed. Presently he did so. "I wish to set a trap for the British, Dick," he said; "and I will tell you how I purpose doing it. I wish the news to be taken to the British in New York City and on board the ships in the harbor that I intend making an attack on them on a certain night. They will send word to the commander at New Brunswick, who will, I think, send a lot of troops to New York to lend assistance in driving us away. Do you see the point?"

"I think so, your excellency. You are not going to attack the British in New York and on the ships in the harbor, at all; that is merely a ruse to draw the force away from New Brunswick."

The commander-in-chief nodded. "You are right, Dick; and it is my purpose to ambush the force and try to strike it a hard blow as it comes along."

"That is a good plan, your excellency."

"Yes, if the trap will only succeed we will be able to strike a hard blow at the enemy."

"I don't see why it should not succeed."

"Well, there are a great many ways that the plan might go wrong, my boy; still, I have hopes that it may succeed. We will try it, anyway; and, now, what I wished to ask you about was whether or not you thought you could manage to convey the news to the British in New York City, and on the ships in the harbor, that we intend making an attack?"

Dick pondered a few moments. "I shall be glad to make the attempt," he said. "But how shall I go about it?"

"I thought of leaving that to your own judgment."

Dick was silent a few moments, and then asked: "Have you decided on the date when you are supposed to be intending to make the attack?"

"Let me see: This is Tuesday. I think that I will fix upon Saturday night as the time."

"And how soon do you wish the news carried to the British at New York?"

"At once; as soon as possible."

"Very well; I will do the work if it is possible for me to do it."

"I was sure you would, Dick; and I will say that I have confidence that you will make a success of it if anybody could."

"I shall do my best; and I think that I will set out for New York to-night."

"Do just as you like about it."

"Very well." After fifteen minutes of conversation Dick bade the commander-in-chief good-night, saluted and withdrew. He went at once to the quarters occupied by the "Liberty Boys."

"I have some work on hand," he told the youths; "I will need about three of you, and will select Bob, Mark and Sam."

"What is in the wind, Dick?" asked Bob, eagerly.

"We are to make a trip to New York City."

"To New York?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-night."

"What—to-night?"

"Yes."

"Jove! I'm afraid we are going to have a bad night for it," said Sam Sanderson. "Listen to that!"

The rumble of thunder was heard. "Yes, there is a thunder storm coming up," said Dick; "but that makes it all the better for us. We are going to play the role of loyalists, Tories, who have secured some information which we were in a hurry to get to the ears of the British, and it will look all the better if we come through a storm to bring it."

"True; but it won't be pleasant," said Mark Morrison.

"Oh, there isn't much that is pleasant in being a soldier," smiled Dick.

He had not yet eaten his supper, and he now did so, spending no more time on the repast than was absolutely necessary. This done he and his comrades proceeded to array themselves in old clothing such as was worn by the farmers of that locality at that time. This done they

would easily pass for what they had fixed themselves to represent.

They bridled and saddled fresh horses, and, mounting, rode away into the night. To the westward the occasional flashes of lightning revealed thick, black, ominous-looking clouds.

"We'll catch it before we get half way to New York," said Sam Sanderson.

"That does look a bit threatening," admitted Dick, "but no matter, we are used to exposure and a little wetting won't hurt us."

"Nor a big wetting, for that matter," said Mark Morrison. "It's the lightning that we have to fear."

"Oh, well, there is not one chance in a million that will get struck by lightning," said Dick cheerily; "I am quite willing to take that chance."

"Oh, so am I," said Mark; "still a fellow can't help feeling a bit uncomfortable when the lightning is flashing all around."

The youths rode onward at a gallop, and little did they suppose that another was out on this night, headed for New York, the same as themselves. Such was the case, however; they had not been gone two minutes before a youth of perhaps eighteen years led a horse out of a stable at the rear of the building occupied by General Washington as headquarters, and, mounting, rode in the same direction taken by the four "Liberty Boys."

This youth was Bud Horton, and was the son of Mr. Horton, a widow who was the housekeeper in the household. Bud was a Tory, and more than once he had carried news to the British. He was not liked by many of the soldiers, and once he had clashed with Dick Slater, of whom he had a hearty dislike on account of the wonderful reputation which he had made for himself as a scout, spy and soldier, and Dick had been forced finally to give Bud a thrashing. He had not done so until forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and although Bud richly deserved the thrashing, he did not, of course, think so, and he had hated Dick with bitter hatred ever since, and bided his time, hoping for a chance to strike him a blow in the back.

Bud had listened at the keyhole while Dick was in General Washington's private room, and had heard the entire conversation. "So they are going to set a trap for the British, are they?" he said to himself. "Well, I will just see if I can't spoil their scheme. I shall be the more glad to do so because Dick Slater is mixed up in it. If I can let the British know what is in the wind, I will ruin their plans and maybe General Washington will lay the blame on Dick and think he didn't do his work."

right. That is a good idea. Jove! I must spoil their plan. And now if I could only manage to get to the British ahead of Dick Slater, and arrange it so that he would be captured when he puts in an appearance, it would be the best revenge I could get on him. I'll try it, anyway!"

So Bud had bridled and saddled his horse as soon as he could do so—he had been forced to do a lot of work for his mother, and this delayed him quite a while—and mounting, had ridden away. He had seen Dick and his three comrades go, and knew they were ahead of him.

"They won't think there is any occasion for great haste, however," he said to himself; "and I will ride hard and may succeed in getting to New York ahead of them."

He rode onward on the track of the youths for a distance of two or three miles and then he came to a point where the road forked. He knew which was the direct road to New York, and was sure the youths would take this route. If he went the same way he could not hope to get to the city ahead of them, for he could not pass them. He paused and hesitated. The other road led to New York also, but by a roundabout route, being five miles farther, at the very least.

Bud decided to take this road, however, for by riding hard he might hope to get to New York ahead of the "Liberty Boys." This he was eager to do so he struck out, taking the road that was the longest way round.

Meanwhile Dick and his comrades were riding along at a good pace. They had quite a ride ahead of them and realized that the way was likely to be rendered seemingly much longer on account of the storm bothering them and retarding their progress. They wished to ride as far as possible before the storm should overtake them.

They rode onward for an hour and then the storm was upon them. It thundered and lightened in a manner calculated to shake the nerves of a timid person, and presently the rain came down in torrents. The youths bent forward on the necks of their horses and toiled onward, however. They would not stop for any storm.

Onward their horses plodded, starting and snorting with terror, occasionally, when an unusually loud crash of thunder was heard. They crossed the Passaic and rode onward through the heavy timber. The road was winding and was difficult to follow in the darkness. Save when the lightning made things plain, it was so dark one could not see his hand before his face.

The youths kept on their way, however, and managed to keep to the road so long as the storm raged and the lightning came with frequency to give them a glimpse of their surroundings. But at last the storm passed over

and the lightning was seen only in far-distant, fitful flashes which gave no light, and then the difficulties of the youths began in earnest.

While the storm proper had passed the entire sky was like a black cloth, for not a star was to be seen. It was so dark one could almost, as Bob said, "Cut it with a knife."

"We will have to go slow and trust to our horses to keep in the road, boys," said Dick.

"I guess you are right about that," agreed Bob; "and I must say that if my horse can see anything, as dark as it is, he must have wonderful eyes. I don't believe a cat could see his natural enemy—a dog—in this darkness."

"Well, we will have to make the best of it and trust to luck," said Mark Morrison.

The youths rode slowly onward for perhaps fifteen minutes, and then suddenly Bob gave utterance to an exclamation of pain. "Great guns!" he cried, "a limb hit me on the head and almost knocked it off! Surely we are not in the road!"

"You won't prove it by me," said Dick; "we may be in the road and we may not be."

"Well, I rather think that we are not, for there would be no limb hanging low enough to crack a fellow on the head if we were in the road."

"The wind may have blown the limb down, Bob."

"That's so, but—ouch! Great guns! but I got another crack! Say, I don't want all this to myself, fellows! Why don't some of the rest of you take a few of these favors that are being dealt out?"

"We are not jealous-hearted, Bob," said Mark Morrison. "You are welcome to—oh! I got one, myself, that time! Phew! but I saw more stars than I ever saw at one time before!"

"I guess we had better stop and try to find out where we are," said Dick; "we may have just got out a little bit to one side of the road."

"I'm willing to stop," said Bob, drily; "I have two lumps on my head and I don't care about increasing the number."

"I am with you, Bob," said Mark; "I have a lump on my head as large as an egg."

The "Liberty Boys" brought their horses to a stop and dismounted. "Hold my horse, Bob," said Dick; "I'll take a look around."

"You mean that you'll take a feel around, Dick," was the reply.

"Well, yes, since you wish to be particular."

Dick made a circuit from where the other youths were and searched for the road, but could not find it. He

came back and reported his non-success. "What is to be done, boys?" he asked.

"There is only one thing, so far as I can see," replied Bob; "and that is to try to find our way out of here."

"And in doing so we may get deeper into the timber and trouble, Bob."

"I can't help that; we stand a chance to get out, too, don't we?"

"I suppose so."

"Where are we, anyway? I mean in what part of the country are we?"

"Well, we must be in the hills, three or four miles east of the Passaic, I should say."

"How far from Newark?"

"Oh, six or seven miles, probably."

"Humph! Well, I for one am in favor of trying to find our way back to the road, and if we succeed in doing that we will be able to keep it by walking and feeling our way along."

"Are the other two of you in favor of trying to find your way out, now?" asked Dick. "If we wait till morning we will stand a much better chance of getting back to the road speedily, you know."

"Yes, but I think I should rather be moving, trying to get out, than remaining quiet in the mud and dampness," replied Sam Sanderson.

"I feel the same way about it," said Mark; "action is better than inaction, under such circumstances as these."

"That settles it, then," said Dick; "we will try to find our way out of the wilderness; but I fear it will be an impossible task in this terrible darkness."

"It won't be the easiest thing in the world, that is certain," agreed Bob.

"I judge it will be best for us to walk and lead the horses," said Dick.

"You may be sure I am going to walk!" declared Bob; "no more riding until I know there is room for my head, and that it won't get knocked off."

"That is the way I look at the matter, too," said Mark Morrison.

The youths made their way along very slowly, for it was so dark they could see nothing, and had to feel their way. They made some progress, however, and were in hopes that they would eventually get out of the timber and into the road.

They wandered onward for an hour and had not found the road, and, indeed, they seemed to be getting deeper into the timber, for the undergrowth was much thicker and made traveling much more difficult.

They were hard youths to discourage, though, and they plunged bravely onward, hoping against hope that they would be able to get out of the trouble into which they had become plunged. Another hour and still they had found nothing to indicate that there was a traveled road anywhere in the vicinity, and then they came to a stop.

"What do you think, fellows? Shall we try any longer to-night?" asked Dick.

"I don't know what to say," replied Bob; "I think it possible that we may find the road if we keep searching for it."

"Well, I don't think so," said Sam Sanderson; "it seems to me as if it is a pretty plain case. We are lost!"

"Yes, and hopelessly lost, too!" said Mark Morrison. "At any rate, so long as this terrible darkness is over all."

"Are we lost, Dick?" asked Bob, with a humorous intonation to his voice.

"I think that we may consider ourselves lost, Bob," was the reply.

"Well, I thought so, myself, but I wanted to see what you had to say about it. That settles it; we are lost!"

"And I leave it to the rest of you to decide whether or not we shall stop where we are till morning or keep on moving."

It was decided, after some discussion, to hunt up as dry a place as it was possible to find, and there go into camp and wait till daylight. They did not anticipate having much difficulty in getting out of the wilderness in the daytime, but at night it was next thing to an impossibility.

So they hunted up a reasonably dry spot and went into camp. Tying their horses, they rolled themselves up in their blankets and went to sleep.

They were up bright and early, and as soon as it was daylight they ate a bite, having brought food along, and then set out to find the road. The sun told them which direction was east, and they traveled in that direction, at the same time keeping a sharp lookout for the road.

It was nearly nine o'clock when they struck a road which ran north and south, and to the southward they could see the houses of a town.

"That is Newark," said Dick; "and now I know where we are."

"We are not lost now, then, Dick?" remarked Bob.

"No, not now."

"Well, I'm mighty glad of that, eh, fellows?"

"So am I!" from Mark.

"And I!" from Sam.

"Half a mile to the northward from here there is a road leading eastward to New York, or rather to Paul,

Hook," said Dick. "I guess that will be the best road for us to take."

"Whatever you think best, Dick, is what we are ready to do," said Bob, and the other two nodded assent.

"Well, come along, then; we will take the road I have spoken of. It has one advantage: There is a bridge across the Passaic and we won't have to swim our horses across the stream."

"All right; go ahead, Dick."

The youths turned their horses' heads toward the north and rode in that direction till they came to the cross-road, and here they turned toward the east. A mile farther on they crossed the Passaic River, and then they rode steadily onward till nearly noon. They were now within a quarter of a mile of Paulus Hook, and they paused and held a council. It was decided, presently, to leave their horses at this point and advance to the Hook on foot. When they reached there they would hire a boat and cross over to New York, probably boarding a warship or two on the way across.

Having come to a decision, they dismounted, tied their horses well back in the timber where they would not be likely to attract the attention of any one passing along the road, and then the youths walked toward the Hook.

They were soon there, and going to a boathouse, asked the old fisherman who was in charge if he would rent a boat to them. The man said he would, and the youths paid for the boat in advance, and, getting in, started. Bob, who happened to be looking back, saw a peculiar grin on the face of the old man, but he could not read the meaning expressed by the grin, so dismissed the matter from his mind.

Three of the youths rowed, while one sat at the stern and handled the tiller. As the youths were pretty familiar with the handling of oars, having lived all their lives near the Hudson River and spent lots of time in rowing, there, they were able to make the boat travel through the water at a good rate.

Dick, who was at the stern, guided the boat toward a large warship which lay almost in their path. "We'll board that ship," he said, "and will tell them that an attack is to be made on New York, and will then go on to the city."

The others made no objections. This suited them first-rate. They were there to give the information to the British that an attack was to be made by the patriot army, and the more redcoats who were told the better it would be.

So Dick headed straight toward the warship, but when the boat was still a quarter of a mile away he saw the muzzle of a cannon suddenly protrude from one of the

port-holes. He could see men moving rapidly about in the vicinity of the gun, and he said to himself: "What does that mean? Why have they run out that gun?"

He was soon to learn. Suddenly there was a flash, a puff of smoke from the mouth of the gun, a loud report, and a solid shot from the British warship struck the boat and tore the side out. The next instant the "Liberty Boys" were struggling in the waters of the bay.

CHAPTER VII.

A CLOSE CALL.

Bud Horton was not any more familiar with the country lying between Morristown and New York than was Dick Slater and his three comrades, but he had been more fortunate in that he had been successful in keeping to the road throughout the night and storm, and although he had had farther to go and had been forced to travel very slowly, he had yet made much better time than had Dick and his comrades and had reached Paulus Hook at nine o'clock. He left his horse with the old fisherman, and, hiring a boat, rowed out to the nearest warship and went on board.

"I wish to see the commander of this ship," he said.

"Humph! Who are you?" the officer in charge of the deck asked, somewhat superciliously, for Bud was not very well dressed, nor was his face very prepossessing, either, under the best of circumstances, and just now it was all spattered with mud.

"My name is Bud Horton."

"Bud Horton, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you from?"

"Morristown."

The officer started and looked at the youth sharply. "From Morristown, you say?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; and I have important information which I wish to impart to the commander of this ship and then I will go on over to New York and take the information to General Howe."

"You are a loyalist, then?" the officer asked, somewhat dubiously.

"I am."

"And you are sure the information which you have is of importance?"

"I am sure of it. It is important that it be imparted to

the commander at the earliest possible moment, too, so don't delay me any longer than is necessary. I have ridden nearly all night through the storm and darkness and mud to bring this information, and if it was not important I would hardly have gone to such trouble."

The officer was impressed by this reasoning and said: "Wait here a moment; I will see the commander and tell him you wish to see him."

Bud waited while the officer hastened aft to the cabin occupied by the commander and presently the officer returned and said: "He will see you at once. Come with me."

Bud went along and was conducted to the door of the cabin, where the officer announced, "Mr. Bud Horton, sir," and stepped aside. Bud entered and the door was closed behind him.

The youth found himself in a most luxuriously furnished stateroom, and seated at a desk was an officer in a rich uniform. The officer looked Bud over quickly and searchingly, nodded and waved his hand toward a chair.

"Be seated," he said; "now what was it you wished to tell me, my young friend?"

Bud at once plunged into his story and told all, the officer interrupting occasionally with a question. When Bud had finished the officer was silent for a few moments and then he said: "If what you have told me is true, four young men are likely to put in an appearance at almost any moment."

"Yes, sir; and it is true, every word I have told you."

"I believe so, myself," was the reply; "but when the young men you speak of have put in an appearance I shall know that it is true. You will remain on board my ship till they do put in an appearance."

"But what about General Howe? I was going to go on over to the city and carry the news to him."

"I will attend to that."

Bud was a little bit disappointed, for he had counted on being the one to take the news to the British commander-in-chief, but this officer had taken matters in his own hands and Bud did not dare say a word. He was told to go out on deck and make himself at home, and he understood this to be a polite way of dismissing him from the stateroom. He went out on the deck and the commander at once got to work. He wrote a letter to General Howe telling him what was in the wind and called in the officer of the deck and told him to keep a sharp lookout for a boat with four young men in it.

"When you get sight of such a boat, sink it!" he ordered tersely.

Then he handed him the letter and said: "Send a messenger with that to General Howe at once."

The officer of the deck bowed, saluted and withdrew. He sent a man with the letter and then told a set of gunners what the commander had said to him, that they were to sink a boat with four young men in it the instant they caught sight of it.

This was pleasing news to the gunners. They had been in the harbor for several weeks, doing nothing, and were eager for a chance to do a bit of shooting.

"We'll make that boat up into kindling wood in short order!" they assured the officer of the deck. "Just bring on your boat!"

"It is likely to put in an appearance at any moment, so be in readiness for action."

"Don't fear for us."

They waited patiently, and as one, two, three hours passed, without any sign of the boat with the four youths in it being seen, they grew very impatient. The commander of the warship began to have doubts regarding the truth of the story the youth had brought, and he called Bud before him and questioned him closely. Bud stuck to his story, however, and gave it as his opinion that the youths had been delayed in some way by the storm. "They may have got lost," he said; "it was very dark, and I don't know how I ever managed to keep the road. I couldn't see a thing, and had to trust to my horse."

The commander was impressed with the reasonableness of the youth's view of the case and said no more. "We will wait and see what happens," he said; "they may put in an appearance soon."

And this proved to be the case. The boat was sighted while all hands save the members of the deck watch were at dinner. When one of these watchmen reported that a boat with four persons in it was approaching, there was considerable excitement and the gunners hastened to take their places at the gun. They waited till Bud Horton had recognized the inmates of the boat as being the youths they were expecting, and then they ran the gun out and were ready to fire upon the boat.

As we have seen, they did fire and the very first shot was effective; the cannon-ball striking the boat and tearing a great hole in the side. A shout of delight went up from the gunners. "That was a fine shot!" cried one.

"Lower a boat and go after those fellows!" ordered the commander. "I don't believe you killed one of them. Take them prisoners and bring them aboard the ship."

The command was obeyed, a boat being lowered immediately and eight men were in it in a jiffy and were pulling

oward the point where the youths had been thrown into the water.

As for Dick and his comrades they were greatly surprised, but were by no means terrified. They were uninjured by the cannon-ball and had no intention of allowing themselves to be captured if they could possibly help it. They saw the boat being lowered and knew what it meant.

"It isn't a great distance to the shore, boys," said Dick; "I think we can reach it before the boat can catch us. Strike out and swim with all your might. We must escape!"

"All right; we are with you, Dick," said Bob; "away we go!"

The youths struck out, heading back toward the shore which they had so lately left. They were splendid swimmers, but, of course, their clothing made it much harder for them and they could not go as fast as they could had they not been impeded in this manner.

They made good headway, however, and the shore seemed to be drawing nearer with considerable rapidity. The pursuing boat was coming through the water rapidly, however, and was making considerable more headway than were the swimmers.

It was an interesting and exciting race, and it was a question which would win—the youths or the redcoats.

"Do you think we can reach the shore ahead of the redcoats, Dick?" asked Bob.

"I don't know; we will keep on trying, however."

And keep on trying they did. To such effect that in spite of all the oarsmen in the boat could do the youths reached the shore twenty yards ahead of their pursuers.

They lost no time but set out on the run, heading for the timber, which was just over a hill and a quarter of a mile distant.

"Hold on!" roared the old fisherman; "I want pay for your boat!"

But the youths did not "hold on" worth a cent. They kept right on going.

The redcoats reached the shore and leaped out of the boat and started in pursuit. "Stop!" the leader of the crowd cried. "Stop, or we will fire!"

"Fire and be hanged to you!" cried Dick, who was angry and disgusted on account of the unaccountable turn which affairs had taken.

The redcoats took the youth at his word and did fire. As they were running, however, and fired with pistols, with which weapons they were not very expert, anyway, they did no material damage, Sam receiving a slight flesh wound, the other three escaping injury altogether.

Before the redcoats could fire again the youths were over the top of the hill and out of sight, and by the time the pursuers reached the top of the hill the youths were at the timber. Before the British could fire the four had disappeared from view.

"After them!" roared the leader of the redcoats. "We must not let them escape. We must capture them, come what may!"

Easier said than done, however. By the time the redcoats reached the timber the youths had led their horses to the road, had mounted and were galloping away up the road. The redcoats heard the hoofbeats and ran to the road just in time to see their intended victims disappearing around a bend in the road.

"They have escaped!" cried the leader of the British, in a tone of disappointment. "Well, we couldn't help it. We did the best we could."

They made their way back to the boat, got in and went back to the warship and reported that the fugitives had escaped. The commander was angry and disappointed. "I made a mistake in ordering my men to sink the boat," he said to himself; "I should have let them come aboard and then made prisoners of them. Well, it can't be helped now."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRAP THAT FAILED.

"Well, what do you think about this business, anyway, Dick?"

"I hardly know what to think, Bob."

"The trap that was to be set for the redcoats was a failure, wasn't it?"

"Yes; and I don't understand it."

"Neither do I."

The youths were riding along the road headed toward the west, after getting away from the redcoats. The four were glad they had escaped, but were rather downcast over the failure of the expedition. They were youths who took a pride in doing what General Washington wished them to do and they hated to be forced to return to Morristown and report that they had failed in what they had been sent to do.

"How did the redcoats on that ship know we were enemies?" asked Sam Sanderson.

Dick shook his head. "That is a mystery," he said; "I

was never more surprised in my life than when they shot the side out of our boat."

"Nor I," said Mark Morrison; "it is a very strange affair."

"Say, I saw a peculiar grin on the face of the old boatman when we got the boat," said Bob; "I more than half believe he knew who we were, and what was going to happen!"

"It is quite possible, Bob," said Dick; "I thought he looked at us rather queerly, myself, but thought nothing of it at the time."

"But how could he have learned who we were?"

"That is the question; and it is a hard one to answer."

"Well, I don't think we are to blame, Dick," said Mark. "We did the best we could."

"Certainly we did. No, I don't think—in fact, I know we are not to blame, and I am sure that the commander-in-chief will not hold us responsible."

"No; he is very reasonable, and never blames a fellow for what he can't help."

The youths rode onward for nearly an hour and then paused at a farmhouse and got something to eat. The owner of the farmhouse was a patriot, and was willing to feed the youths, and when Dick offered to pay him, as they were getting ready to go, he refused to take the money.

"No, I don't want ennythin' fur whut ye've et," he said; "ye're more'n welcome, an' I hope ye'll live ter he'p whup ther British outen ther boots."

"Thank you; I hope so, too," said Dick, with a smile, and then the youths bade the man and his wife good-by and rode onward.

They arrived at Morristown at half-past four, and Dick went at once to the headquarters. He found the commander-in-chief in.

"What, Dick—back already?" he exclaimed, evidently surprised at seeing the youth so soon.

"Yes, your excellency, we are back; and I thought it best to come and report at once."

"That was right; and what luck, Dick? Did you succeed in making the British believe that we were going to make an attack on New York City?"

Dick shook his head. "No, your excellency," he replied, "there was a hitch somewhere; we failed, and were unable to get near enough to the British to tell them anything."

"What! Why, how was that?"

Then Dick went ahead and told the entire story from beginning to end. The commander-in-chief listened with interest, a perplexed look on his face, and when Dick had finished he was silent for several minutes, thinking deeply.

"I don't understand it," he said at last, more as speaking to himself than to Dick. "How did the British on that warship know you were enemies?"

"That is the question that bothers me," replied Dick. "they didn't learn it from us, that is sure."

General Washington was silent for a few moments and then said: "They must have been warned."

Dick nodded. "It seems as if that is the only solution of the mystery," he agreed, "but who did it?"

"Ah, that is the question—and an important one, too!"

"Yes, indeed."

"Did you tell all the members of your company when you and your three comrades were going, and why, Dick?"

The youth shook his head. "No, your excellency; I told only the three who were with me."

"Strange how the British found out about the matter," the commander-in-chief said; "well, it puts a stop to our scheme, Dick."

"Yes, your excellency; the trap which we were to set for the redcoats was not permitted to do its work."

"No; and I am sorry, for I hoped to be able to strike the British a hard blow."

"I am sorry, too, your excellency; and I hope you do not think it was through any fault of mine or of my three companions that the affair was unsuccessful?"

"Oh, no, Dick. I know that you did the best you could. You could not help the way it turned out. I am glad that you escaped with your lives. You had a very narrow escape."

"Indeed we did, your excellency. It is a great wonder that one or more of us were not killed by the shot that sunk the boat."

"You are right."

After some further conversation Dick took his departure, and when he got back to the quarters occupied by the "Liberty Boys" Bob asked him what the commander-in-chief had to say about their failure.

"Nothing in particular, Bob," was the reply.

"He didn't blame us?"

"No; he said we could not be to blame. His idea is that the redcoats were warned, but he has no idea who could have taken the news to them."

"It is a very strange affair," said Bob; "I don't see how they learned it."

The youths puzzled over the matter but could think of no solution. That evening Dick happened to be down the foot of the hill leading up to the point where the army had its quarters. It was dark, and it was impossible

very far, but presently Dick heard hoofbeats and he listened.

"I wonder who that can be?" he said to himself. "Whoever it is he is coming here. I'll just see who the fellow is."

Dick waited for the newcomer to approach, but he did not come straight up the hill; instead, he turned aside and rode around toward the rear of the encampment.

"That is queer," thought Dick; "I wonder who that is, and why he has gone around that way? I'll try and find out."

Dick walked around toward the rear of the encampment, and as he had not so far to go he easily reached the point in question ahead of the horseman. He paused and listened.

"He is coming up this way," said Dick to himself; "now, I wonder who it can be?"

Dick was standing with his back against the stable in which the commander-in-chief's horse was kept, and the thought came to him that the newcomer might be a horse chief. So Dick crouched beside the stable and watched and waited.

Closer and closer came the horseman and presently the animal loomed up in the darkness against the lighter background above the horizon line.

Closer and closer, and then the rider spoke to the horse in a low, cautious voice: "Whoa!"

As the sound of the voice reached Dick's ears he started. He had recognized the voice, low as it was.

"That is Bud Horton!" he said to himself; "now where has he been?"

Then a sudden suspicion entered Dick's mind. Had Bud carried the information of the intended trap that was to have been set for the British to the redcoats? Was he just returning from New York? Dick remembered that he had not seen anything of Bud around since coming back.

"I'll wager anything that he carried the information to the British!" thought Dick. "He is a sneaking, scoundrelly sort of a fellow, and I have seen a number of things that indicated that he is in sympathy with the British. That is just where he has been. He probably listened and overheard the conversation between the commander-in-chief and myself, and hastened off to New York with the information, and that is how those redcoats on the warship knew we were enemies, and fired upon us."

By this time Bud—for it was indeed he—had leaped to the ground and now, opening the door of the stable, he led the horse inside. Dick hesitated. He hardly knew what to do; he was sure that Bud was the traitor, but he could not prove it, and felt that it would not do to accuse

the youth to General Washington without the proof. Then, too, there was his mother, who was an estimable woman, and Dick would have hated to cause her the anguish of seeing her son a prisoner charged with giving information to the enemy, even had he been able to prove it. He decided, however, that he would have a few words with Bud, anyway. I'll just let him understand that I know what he has been up to," thought Dick; "I will warn him that if he does any more such work it will go hard with him, and by so doing I may be able to keep him from doing any such thing another time."

Dick started toward the door, and as he did so he noted that there was a light in the stable. Bud had lighted a lantern. This suited Dick very well, as he would be enabled to see Bud's face, and he entered and confronted the youth with such abruptness that Bud was badly startled and uttered an exclamation of terror.

"Why—why—who are you—what do you want?" he stammered, and then he suddenly recognized the newcomer and said, in a sullen, angry voice: "So, it's you, is it, Dick Slater?"

"Yes, it is I, Bud Horton!" was the stern reply.

It was evident that Bud was scared, but he tried to put on a bold face. "What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to know where you have been?"

"It's none of your business!"

"None of my business, eh?"

"That's what I said."

"But you didn't mean it."

"Yes, I did!"

"Well, whether you meant it or not doesn't matter; the fact remains that it is some of my business where you have been. For your own good, Bud, you should tell me, for I have a suspicion that I know; and if my suspicion should be wrong, you should tell me."

It was evident that Bud was worried. "Where do you think I have been?" he asked.

"To New York."

Bud started, and even by the poor light of the smoking lantern Dick could see that the youth grew slightly pale.

"To New York!"

"Yes."

"Why should you think that I have been there?"

"For the reason that I know some one has been there, and I know of no one else more likely to be the person than yourself; and when I saw you ride up, and now that I see the horse is wet with sweat, as if just in from a long, hard trip, I am confirmed in my belief that you are the

fellow who went to New York and carried the news to the British!"

Bud turned paler still, but managed to exclaim, in a tone of simulated surprise: "Carried the news to the British! What do you mean? What news? I don't know what you are talking about."

Dick shook his head. "That will do no good—denying it and pretending ignorance, Bud," he said. "I know you did it."

"Know I did what?"

"Carried the news to the British."

"What news?"

"You know very well!"

"I don't know anything about it."

"Bah! you are telling a falsehood, and you know it, Bud!"

"See here, Dick Slater, I don't like to be called a liar!" he doubled up his fist and looked pugnacious as he said this.

"Don't lie, then, and you won't be called a liar," was the cool reply.

"I haven't lied."

"Oh, yes, you have; you went to New York and carried the news to the British that we were coming to bring some misleading news, with the intention of getting them into a trap, and when I and three comrades put in an appearance on the bay, in a boat, we were fired upon, the boat was sunk and we barely managed to escape."

Bud shook his head. "I know nothing about the matter," he declared.

"You can deny, of course," said Dick, "but it doesn't alter my views on the subject a particle. I am absolutely certain that you carried the news to the British in New York, and that you have just returned from there."

"Can you prove it?" asked Bud, with a sudden show of insolence.

"No, I can't prove it; but I am sure of it, just the same."

"All right; when you can prove what you say, come around and accuse me, but until you can do so I wish you would kindly take yourself out of my way."

Dick looked the youth straight in the eyes for half a minute, and then Bud could stand the pressure no longer, and, dropping his eyes, fidgeted nervously about. A cool, scornful smile curled Dick's lips, and he said, in cold, measured tones: "Bud Horton, I know, and you know, that you are a traitor to the cause of Freedom and Independence, and that you have carried information to the British on several occasions; still, for the sake of your mother, I am going to give you one more chance. I shall

say nothing to any one about this matter, but if you play the traitor again I shall see to it that you meet with the fate of a traitor, do you understand?"

"I understand," was the reply; "but you can't scare me, Dick Slater. I'm not afraid of you." His voice trembled as he spoke.

"You know you are speaking falsely when you say that," said Dick, quietly; "you are afraid of me, and you know it, and I know it."

"I'm not!"

"Bah! remember what I have told you, Bud Horton, and don't dare to carry information to the British again. If you do it will be the last time you will ever do anything of the kind."

"You can't bulldoze or frighten me, Dick Slater."

"I will do worse than that if you forget what I have said, and play traitor again!"

"I haven't played traitor yet."

"Stop lying; it will do no good. Don't forget what I have told you!"

Then Dick left the stable and made his way back to the quarters occupied by the "Liberty Boys." "That is about as big a scoundrel as I have ever run across," he mused as he walked along; "perhaps I ought to put the commander-in-chief on his guard against the fellow, but I hate to enquire on Mrs. Horton's account. And I think that Bud will behave himself from now on, for he is terribly afraid of me."

CHAPTER IX.

THE "LIBERTY BOYS" DO SOME MORE GOOD WORK.

"Get ready for a trip, boys."

"Where are we going, Dick?"

"Down in the vicinity of New Brunswick."

"Oh, back to the place where the Gainsbys live?"

"Yes."

"What are you going down there for, old man?"

"I have been thinking the matter over, Bob, and I am afraid that the redcoats would burn Mr. Gainsby's house and perhaps murder some of the patriot people of the vicinity, and so I went to headquarters and asked the commander-in-chief for permission to go back down there and see how things are."

"All right; the rest of us are right in for it, eh, fellows?"

The other "Liberty Boys" said that they were ready for the trip, and preparations were at once begun. The horses were bridled and saddled, the weapons were looked to, and

If an hour later the party rode out of the encampment and away toward the south.

They reached the vicinity of the home of the Gainsbys about eleven o'clock, and it struck Dick as being a good plan to approach the place by the road leading to it from the rear across the field. This plan was followed out and it was lucky that it was, for when they reached the vicinity of the stable they saw that the house was surrounded by redcoats.

"Jove! we are just in time!" said Dick, in a low voice.

"Say, there are a lot of them, Dick!" said Bob.

"Not more than a hundred and fifty, I think, Bob."

"No, I guess not."

At this instant one of the redcoats happened to catch sight of the youths and gave the alarm. Instantly all was confusion among the redcoats. They recognized the youths and the cry of, "The 'Liberty Boys'! The 'Liberty Boys'!" went up.

"At them, 'Liberty Boys'!" cried Dick. "Charge the scoundrels and fire as you go!"

The youths obeyed the command, and having leaped to the ground, charged forward toward the enemy. But the British evidently had great respect for the prowess of the "Liberty Boys," for they did not attempt to show fight. On the other hand, they fled as if the Old Nick were after them. Across the yard they flew, over the fence they went, and then leaping into their saddles they dashed away up the road in the direction of New Brunswick, at full speed.

"Mount and after them!" cried Dick, chagrined at being cheated out of the opportunity of dealing the enemy a severe blow. "Give chase to the cowards!"

The youths quickly led their horses through the yard, leaped into the saddles and dashed away in pursuit of the fleeing enemy. It was a lively chase, and it did not take long to demonstrate that the "Liberty Boys" had the best horses, for they gradually overhauled the fleeing redcoats.

The youths would undoubtedly have overtaken the British troopers and inflicted great damage upon them, but when they had gone about a mile the redcoats met another party consisting of at least a hundred, and thus reinforced they paused and faced about.

"Halt, 'Liberty Boys'!" cried Dick.

The youths came to a stop and looked at their young commander inquiringly. "What are we going to do?"

asked Bob. "Those fellows outnumber us two to one, at least, now, and it looks as if they were going to turn the tables on us and come after us."

"That is what they are going to do," said Dick; "and I guess we had better get out of their way."

"Beat a retreat, eh?"

"Yes; prudence is the better part of valor, sometimes, and I think this is one of the times."

"It looks that way; but where shall we go?"

"Back to Mr. Gainsby's."

"And make a stand there?"

"Yes."

Then Dick gave the order, and, turning, the "Liberty Boys" rode back in the direction of the Gainsby home. The redcoats gave chase and came at a gallop, but the youths were able to hold the distance they were in the lead, and reached the Gainsby home while the enemy was yet half a mile distant.

The youths dismounted, led their horses to the edge of the timber, back of the barnyard, and then hastened back to the road. Here they were joined by George Gainsby, who was delighted to see the youths.

"Going to give the redcoats battle, Dick?" he asked.

"Yes, George."

"Then I'm with you!" He had a musket and went with the "Liberty Boys." They made their way back up the road a distance of a hundred yards and then, hearing the thunder of the hoofs of the redcoats' horses they hid themselves in the edge of the timber and got ready for the welcoming of the enemy.

The party of redcoats suddenly came around a bend in the road and dashed toward the spot where the youths were ambushed. Closer and closer they came, and then suddenly the clear, ringing voice of Dick Slater was heard: "Fire! 'Liberty Boys'!"

Crash—roar!

It was a terrible volley and did great execution. At least thirty of the redcoats went down, and the scene became one of confusion and terror. The uninjured troopers yelled and cursed, while the wounded cursed and moaned; the horses reared, plunged and snorted. And then on top of this came the sharp command from Dick: "Fire! 'Liberty Boys'!"

Again the sound of a volley awoke the echoes for miles around, and it was all that was necessary. The redcoats were put to flight and went dashing back up the road faster than they had come.

It was rather a strange spectacle to see nearly two hundred horsemen fleeing, but the truth of the matter was that they had heard and seen so much of the wonderful work of the "Liberty Boys" that they were seized with a sudden overpowering feeling of terror and could not help fleeing. They kept on going till they had placed a safe distance be-

tween themselves and their terrible enemy and then they stopped.

"There is no use talking," said the commander of the force, "we must dismount and take to the timber and fight those scoundrels in the same manner in which they fight us."

The men thought this was the only way to do, and so all dismounted and tied their horses to trees. Then leaving a dozen men to keep guard over the animals, the party set out through the timber, going back in the direction from which it had just come. The men scattered and tried to utilize the trees as they knew the "Liberty Boys" were in the habit of doing.

As they drew near the point where they had been fired upon they became very cautious and advanced slowly. They peered through, between the trees, and looked eagerly for signs of the presence of the enemy.

The "Liberty Boys" were there and were on their guard. They saw the redcoats approaching, and when they were well within range the youths opened fire. They did not fire in volleys, but individually, as they caught sight of a redcoat. They were adepts at this kind of work and nothing could have pleased them more than to have the enemy attempt to meet them in this style of warfare.

The redcoats soon saw that they were getting the worst of it, too. Every few minutes one of their comrades would fall, dead or wounded, and they were not sure that they had killed a single one of the "Liberty Boys." They had fired many shots, but had not been able to take deliberate aim, and the shots were more on the random order than otherwise, and could not be expected to do a great deal of harm.

The British soon got enough of this style of warfare, and the order was sent around for them to withdraw, which they did. The "Liberty Boys" discovered the movement and moved forward promptly and kept up the work of picking off those who were exposed to their sight. This did not suit the British at all, and they broke into a run, and the retreat became a scramble. The farther they ran the more frightened they became, and when they reached their horses they were badly frightened indeed. They mounted in hot haste and rode away up the road at a gallop, followed by shots from the pistols of the "Liberty Boys,"

and by yells of derision and cries of "Down with the king! Long live Liberty!"

It would have been folly to give chase to the redcoats afoot, so Dick and the youths turned around and made their way back to where the wounded and dead redcoats lay. They did what they could to relieve the wounded men, and while walking among them Dick heard George Gains give utterance to an exclamation.

"What is it, George?" he asked.

"Here is Captain Hemington," he replied; "and he is dead!"

"Let's see; that was the fellow who wanted to come and kill Lucy Livingston, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, he won't bother her any more."

"No; and I am glad of that, of course—but I wanted to kill him myself."

"You had a sort of a score to settle with him, eh?"

"Yes; we had a passage at arms, once, and I hoped that one day we would meet and have it out; but this ends all."

"Yes, he has escaped you."

"Oh, well, it is for the best, perhaps. Lucy might have felt bad had she known that I killed him."

"Yonder comes a flag of truce, Dick," said Bob.

The youth looked, and sure enough a redcoat was riding toward them. When he was within twenty yards he paused.

"I have come to ask if you will let us return and bury our dead and remove the wounded," the trooper said.

"Certainly," replied Dick.

"And you will not fire upon us?"

"What do you think we are—barbarians?"

"No; but—I wish to make sure."

"You will not be molested unless you yourselves commit some overt act; then we should feel that we were at liberty to retort upon you in kind."

"We shall do nothing save what I have mentioned."

"Very well; you will be perfectly safe, then."

The redcoats buried their dead, carried their wounded away, and the affair was ended.

To make sure that they were sincere in the statement that no further attempt would be made to strike the "Liberty Boys" a blow, Dick and his comrades followed the redcoats almost to the town of New Brunswick. The

made no attempt to keep out of the sight of the British, but rode openly a quarter of a mile behind the enemy, and the redcoats did not show the least disposition to turn and make another attack. They had had all they wanted of the "Liberty Boys" for one day.

The arrival of the party of troopers with their wounded comrades, and their story of their encounter with the "Liberty Boys," created considerable excitement in New Brunswick, and doubtless a large party would have been made up and despatched after the youths for the purpose of securing revenge, but General Howe had just arrived from New York, and he ordered that nothing of the kind be done.

"I have other work on hand," he said; "let the 'Liberty Boys' go for the present. We will settle with them later." So the youths were allowed to go their way in peace, and they returned to the home of the Gainsbys and reported that so far as they could make out there was no immediate danger that the redcoats would return to make another attempt at burning the house.

That evening George Gainsby met Lucy Livingston not far from her father's house. They were delighted to see each other, and George told the girl that her would-be lover, Captain Hemington, was dead.

"I am sorry for him," said Lucy; "yet I feel relieved to know that he will not bother me any more, and will not try to harm you, George."

"I did not fear him, Lucy; yet, as you say, I am glad to know that he will not bother you any more."

The two conversed for some time and then bade each other good-night, and parted.

"What are you going to do, Dick?" asked Bob, when they had eaten supper. "Are you going to return to Morristown at once?"

"No, I think it best that we should stay here a day or two, Bob."

"You are afraid the redcoats may take it into their heads to come out and burn the house, Dick?"

"Yes."

"But won't the commander-in-chief be angry if we stay?"

"No; he said I might stay as long as I wished, within reasonable limits."

"That means several days, I suppose."

"Yes; we could stay a week and it would be all right."

"Well, I am as well satisfied here as anywhere."

"And I; in fact, I should prefer being here to staying at Morristown, for it is very dull there."

The "Liberty Boys" were all glad to remain. They thought it likely the redcoats would come back to the Gainsby home, and this would give them another chance for an encounter with their enemies.

The youths remained three days in the neighborhood, and then the redcoats having made no move toward doing any damage in the neighborhood, and Dick having learned, by doing some spy work, that the British were getting ready to make some kind of a move with the entire army, he decided that it would be best to return to Morristown at once, and tell General Washington.

They set out and three hours later were at the encampment. Dick went to headquarters and told the commander-in-chief what he had discovered, and after some thought General Washington decided that the British were getting ready to move upon Philadelphia. He at once gave orders for the entire patriot army to get ready to break camp and march, and the men hastened to obey, for they were glad of any change from the routine of camp life.

General Howe and the British army did attempt to march upon Philadelphia, but General Washington and the Continental army got in a position where it would make it extremely dangerous for the British to go on, and they were forced to return to New Brunswick.

At the close of the Revolutionary war Mr. Livingston, Lucy's father, withdrew his objections to George Gainsby as a son-in-law, and George and Lucy were married.

THE END.

The next number (69) of "The Liberty Boys of '76" will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS' JONAH; OR, THE YOUTH WHO 'QUEERED' EVERYTHING," by Harry Moore.

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE
STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

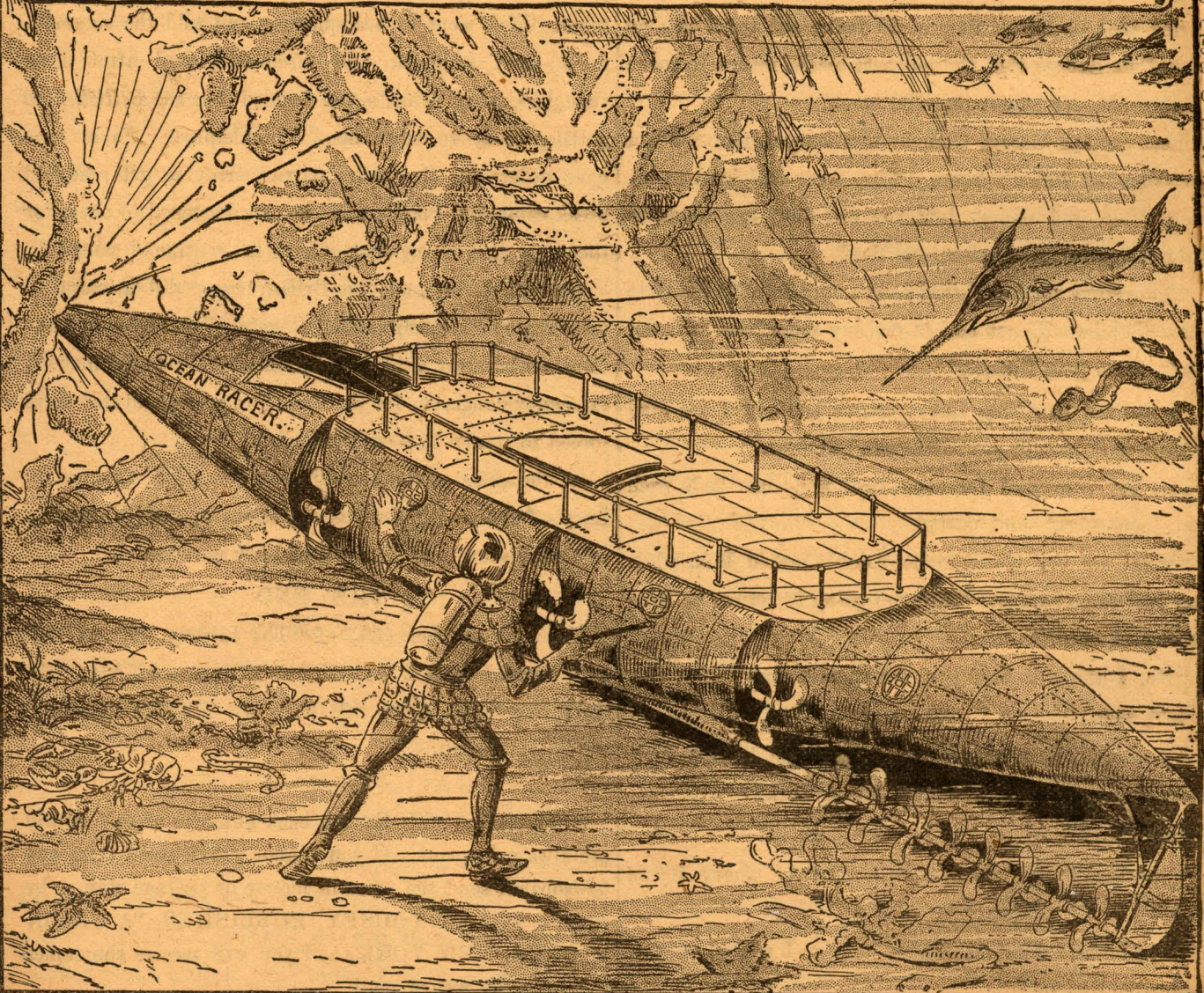
Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, November 7, 1898, by Frank Tousey.

No. 202.

NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

JACK WRIGHT AND HIS OCEAN RACER; OR, AROUND THE WORLD IN 20 DAYS. BY NOME.



A sullen, smothered roar took place. A tremendous upheaval was seen at the reef, the water became fearfully agitated, and there came a concussion that almost flung Jack to the ground.

PLUCK AND LUCK.

CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF STORIES. EVERY STORY COMPLETE.

32 PAGES.

BEAUTIFULLY COLORED COVERS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

LATEST ISSUES:

The Boy Courier of Siberia; or, The League of the Russian Prison Mines. By Allan Arnold.
The Secret of Page 99; or, An Old Book Cover. By Allyn Draper.
Resolute No. 10; or, The Boy Fire Company of Fulton. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
The Boy Scouts of the Susquehanna; or, The Young Heroes of the Wyoming Valley. By an Old Scout.
The Boy Banker; or, From a Cent to a Million. By H. K. Shackelford.
Shore Line Sam, the Young Southern Engineer; or, Railroading in War Times. By Jas. C. Merritt.
On the Brink; or, The Perils of Social Drinking. By Jno. B. Dowd.
The 13th of October, 1863. By Allyn Draper.
Through an Unknown Land; or, The Boy Canoeist of the Quanza. By Allan Arnold.
The Blue Door. A Romance of Mystery. By Richard R. Montgomery.
Running with No. 6; or, The Boy Firemen of Franklin. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
Little Red Cloud, The Boy Indian Chief. By an Old Scout.
Safety-Valve Steve; or, The Boy Engineer of the R. H. & W. By Jas. C. Merritt.
The Drunkard's Victim. By Jno. B. Dowd.
Abandoned; or, The Wolf Man of the Island. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
The Two Schools at Oakdale; or, The Rival Students of Corrina Lake. By Allyn Draper.
The Farmer's Son; or, A Young Clerk's Downfall. A Story of Country and City Life. By Howard Austin.
The Old Stone Jug; or, Wine, Cards and Ruin. By Jno. B. Dowd.
Jack Wright and His Deep Sea Monitor; or, Searching for a Ton of Gold. By "Noname."
The Richest Boy in the World; or, The Wonderful Adventures of a Young American. By Allyn Draper.
The Haunted Lake. A Strange Story. By Allyn Draper.
In the Frozen North; or, Ten Years in the Ice. By Howard Austin.
Around the World on a Bicycle. A Story of Adventures in Many Lands. By Jas. C. Merritt.
Young Captain Rock; or, The First of the White Boys. By Allyn Draper.
A Sheet of Blotting Paper; or, The Adventures of a Young Inventor. By Richard R. Montgomery.
The Diamond Island; or, Astray in a Balloon. By Allan Arnold.
In the Saddle from New York to San Francisco. By Allyn Draper.
The Haunted Mill on the Marsh. By Howard Austin.
The Young Crusader. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
The Island of Fire; or, The Fate of a Missing Ship. By Allan Arnold.
The Witch Hunter's Ward; or, The Hunted Orphans of Salem. By Richard R. Montgomery.
The Castaway's Kingdom; or, A Yankee Sailor Boy's Pluck. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
Worth a Million; or, A Boy's Fight for Justice. By Allyn Draper.
The Drunkard's Warning; or, The Fruits of the Wine Cup. By Jno. B. Dowd.
The Black Diver; or, Dick Sherman in the Gulf. By Allan Arnold.
The Haunted Belfry; or, the Mystery of the Old Church Tower. By Howard Austin.
The House with Three Windows. By Richard R. Montgomery.
Three Old Men of the Sea; or, The Boys of Grey Rock Beach. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
3,000 Years Old; or, The Lost Gold Mine of the Hatchepsee Hills. By Allyn Draper.
Lost in the Ice. By Howard Austin.
The Yellow Diamond; or, Groping in the Dark. By Jas. C. Merritt.
The Land of Gold; or, Yankee Jack's Adventures in Early Australia. By Richard R. Montgomery.
On the Plains with Buffalo Bill; or, Two Years in the Wild West. By an Old Scout.
The Cavern of Fire; or, The Thrilling Adventures of Professor Hardcastle and Jack Merton. By Allyn Draper.
Water-logged; or, Lost in the Sea of Grass. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor; or, Exploring Central Asia in His Magnetic "Hurricane." By "Noname."

167 Lot 77; or, Sold to the Highest Bidder. By Richard R. Montgomery.
168 The Boy Canoeist; or, 1,000 Miles in a Canoe. By Jas. C. Merritt.
169 Captain Kidd, Jr.; or, The Treasure Hunters of Long Island. By Allan Arnold.
170 The Red Leather Bag. A Weird Story of Land and Sea. By Howard Austin.
171 "The Lone Star"; or, The Masked Riders of Texas. By Allyn Draper.
172 A New York Boy out With Stanley; or, A Journey Through Africa. By Jas. C. Merritt.
173 Afloat With Captain Nemo; or, The Mystery of Whirlpool Island. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
174 Two Boys' Trip to an Unknown Planet. By Richard R. Montgomery.
175 The Two Diamonds; or, A Mystery of the South African Mines. By Howard Austin.
176 Joe, the Gymnast; or, Three Years Among the Japs. By Allan Arnold.
177 Jack Hawthorne, of No Man's Land; or, An Uncrowned King. By "Noname."
178 Gun-Boat Dick; or, Death Before Dishonor. By Jas. C. Merritt.
179 A Wizard of Wall Street; or, The Career of Henry Carew, Boy Banker. By H. K. Shackelford.
180 Fifty Riders in Black; or, The Ravens of Raven Forest. By Howard Austin.
181 The Boy Rifle Rangers; or, Kit Carson's Three Young Scouts. By an Old Scout.
182 Where? or, Washed into an Unknown World. By "Noname."
183 Fred Fearnaught, the Boy Commander; or, The Wolves of the Sea. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
184 From Cowboy to Congressman; or, The Rise of a Young Ranchman. By H. K. Shackelford.
185 Sam Spark, the Brave Young Fireman; or, Always the First on Hand. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
186 The Poorest Boy in New York, and How He Became Rich. By N. S. Wood, the Young American Actor.
187 Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor; or, Hunting for a Sunken Treasure. By "Noname."
188 On Time; or, The Young Engineer Rivals. An Exciting Story of Railroading in the Northwest. By Jas. C. Merritt.
189 Red Jacket; or, The Boys of the Farmhouse Fort. By an Old Scout.
190 His First Glass of Wine; or, The Temptations of City Life. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
191 The Coral City; or, The Wonderful Cruise of the Yacht Vesta. By Richard R. Montgomery.
192 Making a Million; or, A Smart Boy's Career in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackelford.
193 Jack Wright and His Electric Turtle; or, Chasing the Pirates of the Spanish Main. By "Noname."
194 Flyer Dave, the Boy Jockey; or, Riding the Winner. By Allyn Draper.
195 The Twenty Gray Wolves; or, Fighting A Crafty King. By Howard Austin.
196 The Palace of Gold; or, The Secret of a Lost Race. By Richard R. Montgomery.
197 Jack Wright's Submarine Catamaran; or, The Phantom Ship of the Yellow Sea. By "Noname."
198 A Monte Cristo at 18; or, From Slave to Avenger. By Allyn Draper.
199 The Floating Gold Mine; or, Adrift in an Unknown Sea. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
200 Moll Pitcher's Boy; or, As Brave as His Mother. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
201 "We." By Richard R. Montgomery.
202 Jack Wright and His Ocean Racer; or, Around the World in 20 Days. By "Noname."
203 The Boy Pioneers; or, Tracking an Indian Treasure. By Allyn Draper.
204 Still Alarm Sam, the Daring Boy Fireman; or, Sure to Be On Hand. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, **24 Union Square, New York.**

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

Our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.
POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

.....1901.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

....." " PLUCK AND LUCK ".....

....." " SECRET SERVICE ".....

....." " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

....." " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

PRICE 5 CTS. 32 PAGES. COLORED COVERS. ISSUED WEEKLY.

LATEST ISSUES:

- 66 Ching Foo, the Yellow Dwarf; or, The Bradys and the Opium Smokers.
67 The Bradys' Still Hunt; or, The Case that was Won by Waiting.
68 Caught by the Camera; or, The Bradys and the Girl from Maine.
69 The Bradys in Kentucky; or, Tracking a Mountain Gang.
70 The Marked Bank Note; or, The Bradys Below the Dead Line.
71 The Bradys on Deck; or, The Mystery of the Private Yacht.
72 The Bradys in a Trap; or, Working Against a Hard Gang.
73 Over the Line; or, The Bradys' Chase Through Canada.
74 The Bradys in Society; or, The Case of Mr. Barlow.
75 The Bradys in the Slums; or, Trapping the Crooks of the "Red Light District."
76 Found in the River; or, The Bradys and the Brooklyn Bridge Mystery.
77 The Bradys and the Missing Box; or, Running Down the Railroad Thieves.
78 The Queen of Chinatown; or, The Bradys Among the "Hop" Fiends.
79 The Bradys and the Girl Smuggler; or, Working for the Custom House.
80 The Bradys and the Runaway Boys; or, Shadowing the Circus Sharps.
81 The Bradys and the Ghosts; or, Solving the Mystery of the Old Church Yard.
82 The Bradys and the Brokers; or, A Desperate Game in Wall Street.
83 The Bradys' Fight to a Finish; or, Winning a Desperate Case.
84 The Bradys' Race for Life; or, Rounding Up a Tough Trio.
85 The Bradys' Last Chance; or, The Case in the Dark.
86 The Bradys on the Road; or, The Strange Case of a Drummer.
87 The Girl in Black; or, The Bradys Trapping a Confidence Queen.
88 The Bradys in Mulberry Bend; or, The Boy Slaves of "Little Italy."
89 The Bradys' Battle for Life; or, The Keen Detectives' Greatest Peril.
90 The Bradys and the Mad Doctor; or, The Haunted Mill in the Marsh.
91 The Bradys on the Rail; or, A Mystery of the Lightning Express.
92 The Bradys and the Spy; or, Working Against the Police Department.
93 The Bradys' Deep Deal; or, Hand-in-Glove with Crime.
94 The Bradys in a Snare; or, The Worst Case of All.
95 The Bradys Beyond their Depth; or, The Great Swamp Mystery.
96 The Bradys' Hopeless Case; or, Against Plain Evidence.
97 The Bradys at the Helm; or, The Mystery of the River Steamer.
98 The Bradys in Washington; or, Working for the President.
99 The Bradys Duped; or, The Cunning Work of Clever Crooks.
100 The Bradys in Maine; or, Solving the Great Camp Mystery.
101 The Bradys on the Great Lakes; or, Tracking the Canada Gang.
102 The Bradys in Montana; or, The Great Copper Mine Case.
103 The Bradys Hemmed In; or, Their Case in Arizona.
104 The Bradys at Sea; or, A Hot Chase Over the Ocean.
105 The Girl from London; or, The Bradys After a Confidence Queen.
106 The Bradys Among the Chinamen; or, The Yellow Fiends of the Opium Joints.
107 The Bradys and the Pretty Shop Girl; or, The Grand Street Mystery.
108 The Bradys and the Gypsies; or, Chasing the Child Stealers.
109 The Bradys and the Wrong Man; or, The Story of a Strange Mistake.
110 The Bradys Betrayed; or, In the Hands of a Traitor.
111 The Bradys and Their Doubles; or, A Strange Tangle of Crime.
112 The Bradys in the Everglades; or, The Strange Case of a Summer Tourist.
113 The Bradys Defied; or, The Hardest Gang in New York.
114 The Bradys in High Life; or, The Great Society Mystery.
115 The Bradys Among Thieves; or, Hot Work in the Bowery.
116 The Bradys and the Sharps; or, In Darkest New York.
117 The Bradys and the Bandits; or, Hunting for a Lost Boy.
118 The Bradys in Central Park; or, The Mystery of the Mall.
119 The Bradys on their Muscle; or, Shadowing the Red Hook Gang.
120 The Bradys' Opium Joint Case; or, Exposing the Chinese Crooks.
121 The Bradys' Girl Decoy; or, Rounding Up the East-Side Crooks.
122 The Bradys Under Fire; or, Tracking a Gang of Outlaws.
123 The Bradys at the Beach; or, The Mystery of the Bath House.
124 The Bradys and the Lost Gold Mine; or, Hot Work Among the Cowboys.
125 The Bradys and the Missing Girl; or, A Clew Found in the Dark.
126 The Bradys and the Banker; or, The Mystery of a Treasure Vault.
127 The Bradys and the Boy Acrobat; or, Tracing up a Theatrical Case.
128 The Bradys and Bad Man Smith; or, The Gang of Black Bar.
129 The Bradys and the Veiled Girl; or, Piping the Tombs Mystery.
130 The Bradys and the Deadshot Gang; or, Lively Work on the Frontier.
131 The Bradys with a Circus; or, On the Road with the Wild Beasts.
132 The Bradys in Wyoming; or, Tracking the Mountain Men.
133 The Bradys at Coney Island; or, Trapping the Sea-side Crooks.
134 The Bradys and the Road Agents; or, The Great Deadwood Case.
135 The Bradys and the Bank Clerk; or, Tracing a Lost Money Package.
136 The Bradys on the Race Track; or, Beating the Sharps.
137 The Bradys in the Chinese Quarter; or, The Queen of the Opium Fiends.
138 The Bradys and the Counterfeiters; or, Wild Adventures in the Blue Ridge Mountains.
139 The Bradys in the Dens of New York; or, Working on the John Street Mystery.
140 The Bradys and the Rail Road Thieves; or, The Mystery of the Midnight Train.
141 The Bradys after the Pickpockets; or, Keen Work in the Shopping District.
142 The Bradys and the Broker; or, The Plot to Steal a Fortune.
143 The Bradys as Reporters; or, Working for a Newspaper.
144 The Bradys and the Lost Rancho; or, The Strange Case in Texas.
145 The Bradys and the Signal Boy; or, The Great Train Robbery.
146 The Bradys and Bunco Bill; or, The Cleverest Crook in New York.
147 The Bradys and the Female Detective; or, Leagued with the Customs Inspectors.
148 The Bradys and the Bank Mystery; or, The Search for a Stolen Million.
149 The Bradys at Cripple Creek; or, Knocking out the "Bad Men."
150 The Bradys and the Harbor Gang; or, Sharp Work after Dark.
151 The Bradys in Five Points; or, The Skeleton in the Cellar.
152 Fan Toy, the Opium Queen; or, The Bradys and the Chinese Smugglers.
153 The Bradys' Boy Pupils; or, Sifting Strange Evidence.
154 The Bradys in the Jaws of Death; or, Trapping the Wire Tappers.
155 The Bradys and the Typewriter; or, The Office Boy's Secret.
156 The Bradys and the Bandit King; or, Chasing the Mountain Thieves.
157 The Bradys and the Drug Slaves; or, The Yellow Demons of Chinatown.
158 The Bradys and the Anarchist Queen; or, Running Down the "Reds."
159 The Bradys and the Hotel Crooks; or, The Mystery of Room 44.
160 The Bradys and the Wharf Rats; or, Lively Work in the Harbor.
161 The Bradys and the House of Mystery; or, A Dark Night's Work.
162 The Bradys' Winning Game; or, Playing Against the Gamblers.
163 The Bradys and the Mail Thieves; or, The Man in the Bag.
164 The Bradys and the Boatmen; or, The Clew Found in the River.
165 The Bradys after the Grafters; or, The Mystery in the Cab.
166 The Bradys and the Cross-Roads Gang; or, The Great Case in Missouri.
167 The Bradys and Miss Brown; or, The Mysterious Case in Society.
168 The Bradys and the Factory Girl; or, The Secret of the Poisoned Envelope.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

1901.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.... copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

.... " PLUCK AND LUCK "

.... " " SECRET SERVICE "

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....

Town.....State.....

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without a wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Lawrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Music Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 80. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 87. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 87. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing four teen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE.** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parakeet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Droway.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 19. **FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION AND GUIDE.**—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also table of distances by water to foreign ports, boat fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction; description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

By **HARRY MOORE.**

These stories are based on actual facts and give a faithful account of the exciting adventures of a brave band of American youths who were always ready and willing to imperil their lives for the sake of helping along the gallant cause of Independence. Every number will consist of 32 large pages of reading matter, bound in a beautiful colored cover.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 The Liberty Boys of '76; or, Fighting for Freedom. | 31 The Liberty Boys' Big Contract; or, Holding Arnold in Check. |
| 2 The Liberty Boys' Oath; or, Settling With the British and Tories. | 32 The Liberty Boys Shadowed; or, After Dick Slater for Revenge. |
| 3 The Liberty Boys' Good Work; or, Helping General Washington. | 33 The Liberty Boys Duped; or, The Friend Who Was an Enemy. |
| 4 The Liberty Boys on Hand; or, Always in the Right Place. | 34 The Liberty Boys' Fake Surrender; or, The Ruse That Succeeded. |
| 5 The Liberty Boys' Nerve; or, Not Afraid of the King's Minions. | 35 The Liberty Boys' Signal; or, "At the Clang of the Bell." |
| 6 The Liberty Boys' Defiance; or, "Catch and Hang Us if You Can." | 36 The Liberty Boys' Daring Work; or, Risking Life for Liberty's Cause. |
| 7 The Liberty Boys in Demand; or, The Champion Spies of the Revolution. | 37 The Liberty Boys' Prize, and How They Won It. |
| 8 The Liberty Boys' Hard Fight; or, Beset by British and Tories. | 38 The Liberty Boys' Plot; or, The Plan That Won. |
| 9 The Liberty Boys to the Rescue; or, A Host Within Themselves. | 39 The Liberty Boys' Great Haul; or, Taking Everything in Sight. |
| 10 The Liberty Boys' Narrow Escape; or, A Neck-and-Neck Race With Death. | 40 The Liberty Boys' Flush Times; or, Reveling in British Gold. |
| 11 The Liberty Boys' Pluck; or, Undaunted by Odds. | 41 The Liberty Boys in a Snare; or, Almost Trapped. |
| 12 The Liberty Boys' Peril; or, Threatened from all Sides. | 42 The Liberty Boys' Brave Rescue; or, In the Nick of Time. |
| 13 The Liberty Boys' Luck; or, Fortune Favors the Brave. | 43 The Liberty Boys' Big Day; or, Doing Business by Wholesale. |
| 14 The Liberty Boys' Ruse; or, Fooling the British. | 44 The Liberty Boys' Net; or, Catching the Redcoats and Tories. |
| 15 The Liberty Boys' Trap, and What They Caught in It. | 45 The Liberty Boys Worried; or, The Disappearance of Dick Slater. |
| 16 The Liberty Boys Puzzled; or, The Tories' Clever Scheme. | 46 The Liberty Boys' Iron Grip; or, Squeezing the Redcoats. |
| 17 The Liberty Boys' Great Stroke; or, Capturing a British Man-of-War. | 47 The Liberty Boys' Success; or, Doing What They Set Out to Do. |
| 18 The Liberty Boys' Challenge; or, Patriots vs. Redcoats. | 48 The Liberty Boys' Setback; or, Defeated, But Not Disgraced. |
| 19 The Liberty Boys Trapped; or, The Beautiful Tory. | 49 The Liberty Boys in Toryville; or, Dick Slater's Fearful Risk. |
| 20 The Liberty Boys' Mistake; or, "What Might Have Been." | 50 The Liberty Boys Aroused; or, Striking Strong Blows for Liberty. |
| 21 The Liberty Boys' Fine Work; or, Doing Things Up Brown. | 51 The Liberty Boys' Triumph; or, Beating the Redcoats at Their Own Game. |
| 22 The Liberty Boys at Bay; or, The Closest Call of All. | 52 The Liberty Boys' Scare; or, A Miss as Good as a Mile. |
| 23 The Liberty Boys on Their Mettle; or, Making It Warm for the Redcoats. | 53 The Liberty Boys' Danger; or, Foes on All Sides. |
| 24 The Liberty Boys' Double Victory; or, Downing the Redcoats and Tories. | 54 The Liberty Boys' Flight; or, A Very Narrow Escape. |
| 25 The Liberty Boys Suspected; or, Taken for British Spies. | 55 The Liberty Boys' Strategy; or, Out-Generaling the Enemy. |
| 26 The Liberty Boys' Clever Trick; or, Teaching the Redcoats a Thing or Two. | 56 The Liberty Boys' Warm Work; or, Showing the Redcoats How to Fight. |
| 27 The Liberty Boys' Good Spy Work; or, With the Redcoats in Philadelphia. | 57 The Liberty Boys' "Push"; or, Bound to Get There. |
| 28 The Liberty Boys' Battle Cry; or, With Washington at the Brandywine. | 58 The Liberty Boys' Desperate Charge; or, With "Mad Anthony" at Stony Point. |
| 29 The Liberty Boys' Wild Ride; or, A Dash to Save a Fort. | 59 The Liberty Boys' Justice, And How They Dealt It Out. |
| 30 The Liberty Boys in a Fix; or, Threatened by Reds and Whites. | 60 The Liberty Boys Bombarded; or, A Very Warm Time. |
| | 61 The Liberty Boys' Sealed Orders; or, Going it Blind. |
| | 62 The Liberty Boys' Daring Stroke; or, With "Light Horse Harry" at Paulus Hook. |
| | 63 The Liberty Boys' Lively Times; or, Here, There and Everywhere. |
| | 64 The Liberty Boys' "Lone Hand"; or, Fighting against Great Odds. |
| | 65 The Liberty Boys' Mascot; or, The Idol of the Company. |
| | 66 The Liberty Boys' Wrath; or, Going for the Redcoats Roughshod. |
| | 67 The Liberty Boys' Battle for Life; or, The Hardest Struggle of All. |
| | 68 The Liberty Boys' Lost; or, The Trap That Did Not Work. |

For sale by all newsdealers. or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, **24 Union Square, New York.**

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following. Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 1901.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find . . . cents for which please send me:

. . . copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.

. . . " " PLUCK AND LUCK "

. . . " " SECRET SERVICE "

. . . " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.

. . . " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.

Name. Street and No. Town. State.